**HOW NOT TO PICK A JUDGE** SANFORD LEVINSON

THE
# NATION

SEPTEMBER 23, 1978 60 cents

## Bomb Fins for Chile
## THE ILWU WOULDN'T LOAD THEM
**DAVID MATZA & DAVID WELLMAN**

## *Neighborhoods as Real Estate*
## *THE 'UPGRADING' OF NEW ORLEANS*
***JASON BERRY***

## Apartheid Sails West
## WHITE AFRICANS IN LATIN AMERICA
**PENNY LERNOUX**

## Black Marchers Bring Out the Klan
## MISSISSIPPI RELIVES ITS '60s
**ARYEH NEIER**

***Vivian Gornick: Recoveri*** ***Wallpaper'***

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS

## ON DEFENDING FREE SPEECH

*Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Defenses of free speech, when different, need not be inconsistent. In a thoughtful discussion of "Skokie's Lessons on Liberty" [*The Nation*, August 19-26] Philip Green defends the freedom of speech as a condition of the democratic process. That is a sound argument, although I am less than content with his formulation of it. My formulation of the argument I call "conditional absolutism." I have written of it (in *Democracy*, The Free Press, Macmillan, 1973) as follows:

> *May the freedom to speak or publish be in any way rightly limited or qualified in a democracy? I argue that it may not, and that the doctrine of "clear and present danger," and all similar doctrines, are therefore untrue not only to the intentions of the authors of the American Constitution, but also untrue to the spirit of the democracy they founded. In any democracy, the freedom to speak and publish must be in no way restricted.*
>
> *An absolutist defense of free speech, although in many ways attractive, is basically unsatisfactory. The utilitarian defense of free speech although profound and effective, proves insufficient, by itself, to protect against unfortunate abridgements of that freedom. By insisting that no restrictions be placed on speech or publication, do I not simply return from the utilitarian to the absolutist position? Assuredly not. How then can complete freedom of speech be defended? I answer:* conditionally.
>
> *Absolutist defenses of free speech . . . rely upon "natural" or "inalienable" rights; they suppose some infallible faculty through which such rights are known, or claim that they are "self-evident" to all. Such epistemological foundations are too weak to stand the strain that the exercise of truly free speech will put upon them. Conflicts among supposedly infallible faculties and supposedly self-evident rights render such an approach hopeless.*
>
> *The complete freedom of speech can, nevertheless, be successfully defended; but this defense will be conditional upon the acceptance of the democratic ideal.* If we wish to maintain a democracy, *speech must be entirely free. The liberty to criticize, to express dissenting opinions—however unpopular, noxious, or perverse they may be—must remain, in a democracy, absolute. Its absoluteness stems not from direct intuition or any other special faculty or evidence, but from the operating requirements of government by participation. The free and open discussion of all sides of all issues of community concern is a condition of full and effective participation. The complete freedom of speech, therefore, is not merely a benefit to democracy but a necessity for it. . . . This position may be called "conditional absolutism."*
>
> *Those who feel no commitment to democracy, and no obligation to defend it, will of course find this defense of free speech ineffective. "If," as Justice Holmes wrote on one occasion, "you have no doubt of your premises or your power and want a certain result with all your heart, you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition." When the result is so much more important than the process by which it is obtained, let the process be damned. Then, as Holmes said, persecution for the expression of opinions is "perfectly logical"* (Abrams *v.* United States, *250 U.S. 616, 1919*). *For one who holds the democratic process of higher worth than any particular result, however, the necessary conditions of that process must be religiously honored and safeguarded. Therein lies the source of the sanctity and priority*

(Continued on page 275)

# EDITORIALS

## Policy and Consequence

The proper limits on the United States' action—or "intervention"—is very much the question of the day in at least three troubled areas of the world. The hushed deliberations on the Middle East at Camp David's "summit" is at center stage because of the President's direct involvement, but insurrections in both Iran and Nicaragua pose with great sharpness the problem of the consequences of American action, or inaction, in countries with which we have a long history of close relations.

The Shah's Iran and Somoza's Nicaragua have little in common except that the United States installed both regimes. The United States Marines ended all pretense of Nicaraguan self-rule when, in the early 1930s, they put Somoza's ruffian father in charge of the National Guard. Twenty years later, using the subtler devices of the CIA, we set young Mr. Pahlavi back on his Peacock Throne after overthrowing the independent-minded, oil-nationalizing Prime Minister Mossadegh.

We had no global excuse for the Nicaraguan operation; that was banana-republic imperialism of the crudest sort. But two decades later, in the year of Stalin's death, we had, and thoroughly used, the rationale of countering Soviet expansionism. Now that fighting in the streets is killing scores in both countries, and when both those authoritarian regimes are seriously threatened by popular uprisings, the heritages of two quite different American policies have returned to haunt us.

The question is what to do—what is a sound and decent policy for this country toward the Shah's repressive rule and toward Somoza's equally brutal dictatorship? Having once intervened in those countries in a way most Americans now condemn, should we intervene again to undo the damage for which we are so largely responsible? Or would that be setting in motion a truly vicious circle, threatening endless dangerous and destructive interventionism?

The short answer, in our opinion, is that we should not intervene in either case. But to that we would immediately add the qualification that all of the United States' actions and policies should have the effect of not propping up these dictatorships and of encouraging the popular forces that are attempting to replace them. Obviously, that involves the drawing of fine lines. It is a policy that requires subtlety in application and, above all, firm adherence to democratic principles of self-determination.

In the case of Nicaragua, no strategic consideration is at stake. The U.S. reactionaries can mutter about "Castroites" in that revolt (and indeed our benighted support of Somoza has pushed some of the insurrectionaries toward a Cuban orientation), but all the evidence is that the rebellion has as broad a base as any intelligent conservative could wish. Support for the ousting of Somoza runs from envious oligarchs among the rich through the middle class to the far Left; it is a genuinely national uprising. And it has the support of all the forces in Latin America that can be called democratic—which



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group, unfortunately, does not include most of our "friends" among that continent's military dictators. There are many ways whereby we could encourage the politically healthy elements in the Organization of American States to give moral and practical support to Nicaragua's national effort to regain its democracy. That would not be intervention by the United States but the expression of a proper concern.

The case of Iran is altogether different because of its size and strategic location, not to mention its oil. We helped put the Shah back on his throne in the Dulles days because we wanted a client there for geopolitical reasons that a glance at the map makes evident. In the intervening years we have allowed, or encouraged, the Shah to arm himself to his gleaming teeth ($36 billion worth since 1958, half of it bought in the United States). Iran has become for this country the private fief of the CIA, under whose crude aegis the Shah has imposed his brutal but "modernized" dictatorship. He continues to fiddle with the Russians (they build him industrial plants), yet we sell him all the arms he aspires to as a resurrected Cyrus the Great, in order to keep him in "our camp." It takes a great stretch of the imagination to see the son of Sergeant Pahlavi, on or off his golden throne, as a reliable or stable ally. But that has been the way he has been regarded in Washington, and not just by the men in the CIA who "run" him.

Again, as in Nicaragua, the current uprising in Iran has a broad popular base. The Shah's propagandists have tried to sell two oddly conflicting lines about what is going on there, in order to conceal the depth of the hostility to his rule. A month ago the Shah himself said that "the rioters receive orders from the Communists," but now we are told that it is the mullahs, portrayed as religious reactionaries, who are back of the troubles. The truth seems to be that the resistance to his harsh authoritarian rule, which is to be felt in all strata of Iranian society, erupted after he was forced to relax some of the ultra-repressive curbs on every political activity. Iran is undergoing an attempt at a revolution of rising political aspirations, and it will continue despite the Shah's arsenal of U.S. tanks and riot-control weapons.

It will not be easy, in Iran as in Nicaragua, for the United States to reverse its course and behave in a way to encourage the democratic forces at work. In both countries there is apt to be a long, messy and dangerous period leading, with luck, to representative government. We cannot and should not "topple" the regimes we imposed on those two nations a generation or two ago. But we should be prepared to take chances, by acting or not acting in response to particular circumstances, to encourage those elements in Iran and Nicaragua which are seeking to replace dictatorships with governments that respond to the popular will.

## The Big Gas Leak

The characteristic failing of this administration is not so much its indecisiveness as its repeated willingness to stand firm on behalf of the wrong policies at the wrong time. Carter has now staked his Presidential prestige on the passage of a "compromise" measure to deregulate

# IN THIS ISSUE

*September 23, 1978*

### EDITORIALS

258 Policy and Consequence; The Big Gas Leak; Southern Justices—and Justice; Agents as Authors
262 How Not to Pick a Judge — *Sanford Levinson*

### ARTICLES

258 On Defending Free Speech (letter) — *Carl Cohen*
263 Bomb Fins for Chile: The ILWU Wouldn't Load Them — *David Matza & David Wellman*
265 Black Marchers Bring Out the Klan: Mississippi Relives Its '60s — *Aryeh Neier*
267 Apartheid Sails West: White Africans in Latin America — *Penny Lernoux*
270 Neighborhoods as Real Estate: The "Upgrading" of New Orleans — *Jason Berry*

### BOOKS & THE ARTS

277 Howe: Leon Trotsky — *Alexander Rabinowitch*
278 Twice Told Tales — *Vivian Gornick*
279 The Longest Distance Between Two Points (poem) — *James Galvin*
281 Olsen: Silences — *Joan Peters*
282 Kennedy: Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr. — *Jeffrey Gillenkirk*
283 Kotker: Miss Rhode Island — *Benita Eisler*
283 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
284 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

Editor VICTOR NAVASKY
Publisher HAMILTON FISH
Executive Editor ROBERT HATCH
Literary Editor ELIZABETH POCHODA
Contributing Editor BLAIR CLARK

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Advertising Manager, SUSAN ELLEN HEITLER; Circulation, GLORIA SANGSTER.

Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

**The Nation** is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and copyright 1978 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel.: 212-242-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

**Subscription Price:** One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign. Foreign subscriptions: equivalent U.S. funds.

**Change of Address:** It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

**Manuscripts:** All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

**Information to Libraries: The Nation** is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

*Volume 227*
*No. 9*

EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
SEP 21 1978



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural gas. This so-called compromise, which will cost consumers billions of dollars over the next seven years of gradual deregulation, is all that remains of the President's original energy package.

There should be no argument over the need for energy conservation; but we can ask whether the sacrifices on behalf of a sound national energy policy must all be borne by consumers and in particular by the poor. The administration has done its best to conceal the true costs of deregulation from the public—costs which in the first year alone could come to more than $10 billion and, over the next five years, to as much as $42 billion. Only the gas producers stand to benefit from deregulation. Consumers will be heavily soaked by higher gas bills and pay a further extortionate price when "trickle-down inflation" goes to work on the national wallet. The measure is no compromise at all. It is a giveaway to the industry.

Even so, only half of the producers are satisfied with Carter's compromise legislation, according to *The Wall Street Journal* (September 12). Many gas producers and industrial users apparently would prefer to see the measure go down to defeat, in the hope that Congress will then simply resign itself to complete decontrol next year. To counter this the administration has had to mount an intensive lobbying effort, including the threat that gas users will no longer have access to emergency supplies if they fail to support gradual decontrol now.

If real competition existed in the energy industry, there might be an argument for the steeply rising cost of natural gas, the energy source that heats half of all American homes. But there is not a trace of it left in the ultra-monopolistic world of fuel. And the notion of restoring some competition to the energy business through the device of divestiture, which Carter seemed to support when he was a mere candidate, has long since vanished from the administration's arsenal.

The situation now is that the Carter administration is trying to cajole big business into accepting a form of decontrol of natural gas that guarantees the energy combines billions in excess profits. There could be no more dismal commentary on the "moral equivalent of war" which Carter declared soon after he took office. That war was never waged. The President surrendered before the first shot was fired by the energy interests and their servants on Capitol Hill. Now he is making an all-out fight for the gas bill because it is the only part of his original energy bill that has a chance of passing this year. He should abandon the struggle for the present unfortunate measure and start from scratch in an attempt to get a comprehensive energy conservation bill that would contain at least some of the elements he once told us were essential to national survival.

## Southern Justices–and Justice

Next week Paul Cowan will be reviewing Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *Robert Kennedy and His Times*. If Kennedy was, as Schlesinger believes, "one of the representative men of his times," in Emerson's sense, then his personal odyssey should have taught us something about our country. Cowan gets into some of these matters but we mention them now because three items in this issue ought to be read in conjunction with Cowan's meditation.

First, there is Jeffrey Gillenkirk's review of a biography of Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., by Robert Kennedy, Jr., the late Senator's son (p. 282). The book, which grew out of young Kennedy's senior thesis at Harvard, tells how in the course of his remarkable career, this maverick judge took on the Ku Klux Klan, the Alabama state troopers, the Alabama state legislature (in a historic reapportionment case) and, most recently, the Alabama prison system, which he found to be "cruel and unusual punishment," in violation of the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution.

It is significant that Judge Johnson was appointed not by the Kennedys, who put themselves forward as champions of civil rights, but by the Eisenhower administration, which loudly proclaimed its neutrality in such matters. As it happened, shortly after they came to power the Kennedys appointed a number of committed segregationists to lifetime judgships in the Deep South. By mid-1962 the Kennedys seemed to have learned a lesson from these appointments and by the time RFK went to the Senate in 1964, he was recommending such outstanding judicial candidates as Judges Frankel and Weinstein, who have served the Federal Courts of New York with such distinction.

All of which makes Sanford Levinson's report on the politics of judicial selection in North Carolina as practiced by the Carter administration (p. 262) that much more dispiriting. As a candidate, Carter's passionate advocacy of merit selection for judges persuaded even such professional skeptics as Hunter Thompson to take him seriously. In practice, Levinson demonstrates, Carter has shown "little, if any, backbone on such a crucially important issue as the makeup of the federal judiciary." The present administration has, in other words, ignored one of the most critical lessons to be learned from the experience of the Kennedys.

Finally, we note Aryeh Neier's report (p. 265) on the United League of Mississippi boycott of white merchants in several northern Mississippi towns to protest racial discrimination in hiring and police brutality. Neier's portrait of civil rights marchers, armed police and hooded Klansmen is reminiscent of nothing so much as the days when the Kennedys saw it as their job to keep the peace between the protesters and the status quo preservers. His message, however, is far from nostalgic. To the contrary, he reminds us that, whatever advances may have been made in the cities, in the boondocks there may be more racism in 1978 than there was in 1962—a useful reminder at a time when the temptation is to romanticize the past.

## Agents as Authors

A Justice Department spokesman has let it be known that "at this point we have not" made a decision on whether to try to enjoin publication of ex-CIA officer Philip Agee's *Dirty Work, the CIA in Western Europe*, written with journalist Louis Wolf. According to a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacific News Service report by Jeff Stein the 700-page book includes a 386-page appendix which lists the names, employment histories and, in many cases, the current positions of more than 800 men and women said to be CIA officers under cover in U.S. Embassies throughout Western Europe.

Frank W. Snepp III is at present appealing a lower court decision forbidding him to publish his book, *Decent Interval*, without authorization from the CIA, his former employer. His case, like Agee's, raises important issues of freedom of expression versus the imperatives of national and perhaps personal security.

However, whether he wins or loses, Frank Snepp's revelations in particular have brought another controversial subject to light, a subject raised some months ago by Carl Bernstein in *Rolling Stone*, but not adequately followed up by the media. It is the way that even very distinguished American journalists can become unwitting propaganda conduits for government agencies like the CIA. Snepp's boastful accounts about how successfully he used the press ought to be a lesson for the wary.

On various television shows after publication of the book, Snepp stated that he and the CIA had a number of senior American correspondents on their string and used them to convey "disinformation" to the U.S. public. He named the men: Keyes Beech of the *Chicago Daily News*, George McArthur of the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Shaplen of *The New Yorker*, Bud Merrick of *U.S. News & World Report*. Snepp boasted, "We would leak to them on a selected basis, draw them into our trust and into our confidence, and then we could shape their reporting through further leaks, because they trusted us." Also included in Snepp's list of "favored" journalists was Malcolm Browne of *The New York Times*. "The [CIA] sources were giving [Browne] disinformation, to use a Soviet term; and he was printing disinformation," said Snepp.

These are not trifling charges. They challenge the assumption, widespread until now, that the U.S. press was continally undermining official policy and rejecting the U.S. Embassy line in Saigon.

Therefore the assumption should be seriously reexamined. Anyone familiar with the interplay between foreign correspondents and government officials knows that Snepp's account has at least a ring of truth. In wartime, there is obviously political content in much of the information that government officials provide, and if its source is clearly identified, there is nothing wrong with printing such material. It might even be argued that, if the information a CIA informant relates is sound and the ensuing stories accurate, the public interest is served and the source need not be specified. I disagree. The checks and balances that operate in ordinary reporting do not come into play as readily overseas, and in wartime it is very hard to verify information, particularly assertions as to enemy operations. It seems to me that the source must be acknowledged in order that the reader may judge the motivation behind the assertions. That can be more revealing than the substance of the story. It was the reluctance of some reporters to identify the CIA as their source that permitted Snepp and the agency to wage their disinformation campaign.

Keyes Beech, veteran Asia correspondent of the now-defunct *Chicago Daily News*, confronting Snepp on *Panorama*, a Washington talk show, on December 2, 1977, defended himself by claiming that what Snepp told him was accurate and reliable. So what was wrong with reporting it?

Snepp countered by saying that Beech, Shaplen and the others used their "entree" into CIA circles to get information, but could not always check out the leads they were given. The result, said Snepp, was "disinformation."

What Snepp was describing has nothing to do with the separate problem of journalists on CIA payrolls or newsmen working as CIA agents, both of which practices are inexcusable. Accepting planted information from the CIA is a much more debatable practice. Beech and Snepp sparred verbally about concrete examples of so-called disinformation, but without illuminating results. Nevertheless, it seems likely that the influence of the CIA in shaping news stories was greater than has been generally thought. The influence was probably felt less on the big, earthshaking events than on the quick little stories whipped out under deadline pressure without time for proper checking.

Snepp had claimed in his book that Malcolm Browne went for the CIA line "hook, line and sinker." He confronted Browne on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show on December 7, 1977. In this exchange, Browne said that he became the vehicle for communication between CIA station chief Tom Polgar and the Provisional Revolutionary Government. The correspondent said that he undertook this middleman's role with the full knowledge of *The New York Times*, which benefited from his unique access because whatever he passed between the two sides also went into the news columns.

Snepp took an opposing view, maintaining that the PRG's hints of a negotiated settlement played into Ambassador Graham Martin's hands, because Martin opposed any evacuation preparations, and a negotiated settlement would have removed the need for a swift pullout. In Snepp's view, the *Times* and Browne were serving the interests of Martin and the CIA.

"The information you [Browne] brought across from the Communist side did serve to reinforce the Ambassador in his own illusion. And that's the only thing I say in the book, and I think it's an accurate statement," said Snepp.

The press coverage of the war in Vietnam has always been only slightly less controversial than the war itself, and it will probably continue to be debated as the histories of that period are written. Snepp's accusations appear to be overblown for the most part, but they contain enough substance to cause editors around the country to take a more skeptical look at those background briefings by unnamed "intelligence sources."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

*William Drummond was the* Los Angeles Times *bureau chief in New Delhi from 1971 to 1974 and in Jerusalem from 1974 to 1976. He is now a general assignment reporter for the* Los Angeles Times *in Washington.*



ETSU LIBRARY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# HOW NOT TO PICK A JUDGE

SANFORD LEVINSON

President Carter seems to be getting little respect these days. Criticisms are leveled against both substantive decisions and the process by which even defensible decisions have been made. The recent nomination of Dickson Phillips for membership on the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals is an example of the behavior that makes it difficult to give Mr. Carter very much respect.

There has been a vacancy on the Fourth Circuit, which covers Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia and the two Carolinas, since May 1977, when Judge J. Braxton Craven of North Carolina suddenly died. There was never any doubt that Craven's replacement would come from North Carolina, and a committee of citizens appointed by the President, in line with his pledge to remove partisan politics from at least the appellate judiciary, submitted the names of five North Carolinians to the President last September. They included Julius LaVonne Chambers, a brilliant black attorney and current president of the Legal Defense Fund, from Charlotte; Judge James B. McMillan, the sitting Federal District Judge in Charlotte; and three academics: William Van Alstyne and Kenneth Pye of Duke University, and Phillips, a professor and ex-dean of the University of North Carolina Law School.

The Carter administration took a full nine months to settle on a nominee; a length of time that indicates not care but extreme vacillation, for it was obvious to all observers a year ago what dilemmas faced the President. Two names on the list presented special problems—and opportunities. Chambers had been the first black to attend the University of North Carolina Law School; he graduated first in his class and has gone on to become one of the nation's most capable civil rights lawyers. Carter had pledged to appoint blacks to the federal judiciary in the South, and Chambers would have been the best possible person to break the color line on the Fourth Circuit bench. Moreover, since he is still only in his 40s, he could have gotten the judicial experience to make him a thoroughly credible nominee to the Supreme Court in the late 1980s or early 1990s.

Judge McMillan was the other special name. He has distinguished himself as a courageous and controversial judge since his appointment by President Johnson in 1968.* His major claim to national recognition comes from *Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education*, where the Supreme Court unanimously upheld his order requiring widespread busing in order to remedy the racial discrimination that had long been part of Charlotte's history and practices. (The *Swann* case, it might be noted, was argued by Chambers.) McMillan has also been an outspoken defender of First Amendment values.

McMillan's qualifications were recognized especially by his fellow judges. Indeed, one of Judge Craven's last acts was writing a letter to Attorney General Bell, himself a former member of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, strongly endorsing McMillan for any vacancy that might open on the Fourth Circuit. Bell, in turn, is reported by Robert Hodierne, of the *Charlotte Observer*, to have strongly endorsed McMillan's nomination and emphasized to the President that it was incumbent on him to support those district judges who are willing to defend constitutional rights without flinching. To forsake them when considering candidates for promotion, because of the political difficulties they necessarily generated by unyielding devotion to constitutional command, would carry a depressing message to the entire district level of the federal judiciary: as Sam Rayburn advised, to get along, go along—with the political sentiment of the powers that be. District judges, who are the front-line infantry fighters in behalf of federal law (and who, like the infantry, take the principal flak from those who stand to lose from the vindication of federal rights), will realize that the very qualities that made them heroes on the battlefield turn out to bar them from promotion to field headquarters, the appellate judiciary. And not only judges supported McMillan: Chambers discouraged political pressure on his own behalf and worked for McMillan's nomination.

But both of North Carolina's Senators, the Democrat Robert Morgan and the Republican Jesse Helms, are said to have strongly opposed McMillan and Chambers. The basis of Morgan's opposition is not altogether clear. He strongly opposes the removal of judicial appointments from ordinary Senatorial patronage; moreover, he apparently believes that all the names submitted by the advisory group were too liberal. There are also reports that he feared Chambers would succeed McMillan as District Judge, though this makes no sense inasmuch as the administration has conceded District Court appointments to Senatorial prerogative. (See Levinson: "U.S. Judges: The Case for Politics," *The Nation*, March 4.) Morgan resolutely refused to endorse any of the five names, and the administration apparently believed that he might fight particularly hard to block the nomination of McMillan. Morgan was one of the Democrats who had to be courted for the Panama Canal treaties, and McMillan's sacrifice might well have been the *quid* for Morgan's pro-treaty *quo*.

The basis for Helms's opposition is no mystery, but why the administration should take Helms seriously is. Even a tough political analysis, which might understand Carter's desire to appease the moderate Democrat Morgan, cannot explain why a Democratic administration should take into account the views of an extremely conservative Republican unlikely to become an ally on any major issue. There are reports that Helms had conspired with the retiring Senator Eastland, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, to block a McMillan nomination, though these reports have not been substantiated.

*I clerked for Judge McMillan in 1973-74. Although it should go without saying, in these parlous times it must be added that this article was prepared wholly without consultation with Judge McMillan.

*Sanford Levinson, a lawyer, teaches in the Politics Department at Princeton University.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dickson Phillips is fully qualified to be a federal judge, and had he emerged as the nominee out of some other context, one might well applaud the nomination. But, alas, in the given context his nomination is a victory for blandness, for he has not participated in the great public fights that have tested the mettle of individuals over the past decades. It does the administration no credit that the five candidates were left dangling for nine months. Such delay suggests that Carter has little, if any, backbone on such a crucially important issue as the makeup of the federal judiciary. Indeed, that delay indicates also insufficient political toughness per se; had the President forthrightly decided last year that the political cost of nominating Chambers or McMillan was too high, Phillips could have been nominated then. I would have regretted that decision (as I regret it now), but at least it would have shown a measure of decisiveness.

Instead, the Fourth Circuit had to endure a vacancy it could ill afford, being understaffed as it is (two new judgeships will be added under the bill now before Congress), not to mention the inevitable pain caused all of the candidates.

Phillips was finally nominated because Morgan, albeit reluctantly, acquiesced in his nomination; if he deserves to be on the federal bench, which he does, it should be for a better reason than that.

And what does Carter get for his trouble? A headline in the *Charlotte Observer* reads, "Politics Killed McMillan Court Nomination"; he loses credibility insofar as his pledge to diminish the role of politics is concerned. More important, he has suggested by his nomination of the uncontroversial Phillips that the way to gain high judicial office is to keep a relatively low profile and avoid participation in, or identification with, the great issues that breed controversy. (Indeed, this is Carter's own history, for he, like most other Southern "moderate" politicians, was always willing to let the federal judges take the heat for enforcing civil rights laws.) We may be able to look forward to a federal judiciary staffed by essentially faceless, albeit competent, men and women. Competence is admirable, of course, but we still might say, "Why not the best?" □

BOMB FINS FOR CHILE

# THE ILWU WOULDN'T LOAD THEM

**DAVID MATZA and DAVID WELLMAN**

At mid-morning on May 23, a San Francisco longshoreman working Pier 32 phoned the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) Local 10 headquarters. Stacked on the dock were a number of crates, and peeking through the slats he had seen fins intended for bombs to be assembled elsewhere. The cargo labels read "Chile."

"Do we have to load the bomb fins?" the longshoreman asked an official. "I'll check it out," the man replied.

Thirty minutes later the official had determined that the bomb fins came from the Sierra Army Depot at Herlong, Calif. They were to be loaded aboard the Prudential freighter *Seajet*, due to arrive in San Francisco Sunday, June 4. The cargo was headed for the Chilean Air Force in Santiago via the port of Valparaiso. This information was immediately forwarded to the union's international officers.

An important and difficult decision had to be made within ten days. The grounds for refusing to load the cargo were clear enough to the union: the junta's destruction of trade union rights justified the ILWU's 1975 resolution to boycott cargo to and from Chile. But the step could not be taken rashly, lest their employers should retaliate by denying the pay guarantee to all the Bay Area longshoremen. That provision of the union contract is designed to cushion the underemployment produced by the new containerized technology. It is intended to maintain the income of those available for work five days a week at a weekly equivalent of thirty-six hours at the basic wage rate. Since the port area is highly mechanized, many men depend on the pay guarantee to support their families. However, if work stops as a matter of union policy, the employer has the right to deny the guarantee to the entire port for the week in question. The decision was still more difficult because contract negotiations were being conducted.

Making difficult decisions is nothing new for the ILWU. In 1938 members of Local 10 refused to load scrap iron destined for a Japanese Government waging war against the Chinese Republic. In the late 1940s, the ILWU, along with other leftist CIO unions, was forced out of the CIO on the issue of how to resist the postwar anti-labor offensive which led to the Taft-Hartley Act. When the CIO rallied behind the candidacy of Harry Truman in 1948, the ILWU backed Henry Wallace. Using as pretext the cold-war association of communism with support for the Soviet Union, the CIO leadership expelled the ILWU, but the real reason was probably the union's refusal to follow Murray's line supporting Truman and the Marshall Plan. Of the thirteen expelled unions, only the ILWU and the United Electrical Workers (U.E.) exist today. The others were either reformed by new leadership or replaced by CIO organizations.

The ILWU was among the first unions to oppose the

*David Matza and David Wellman are sociologists engaged in a study of the grievance process as it affects social relations at the urban work place. They are both affiliated with the Institute for the Study of Social Change, University of California, Berkeley.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war in Vietnam; it initiated a growing trade union awareness of the anti-labor policies of the Chilean junta. At the 1975 Vancouver convention, the union resolved to boycott all Chilean shipments. Thus direct action to prevent the shipment of bomb fins grew out of a long history of labor activism.

In the last week of May, Chile and the bomb fins were discussed continually at Local 10's hiring hall. That the action was right was less an issue than the possible loss of pay. Officials divided on whether to go ahead with the refusal to load when the matter came up at a meeting of the local's executive board. Once again the concern was with the pay guarantee. On May 27 the issue was resolved: the International union officers instructed Local 10 to inform the employer that the fins would not be loaded. The company responded that the *Seajet* had been delayed and was not expected in San Francisco until June 14. The next day the company called again: the crates had been drayed off Pier 32.

The dockworkers guessed that the bomb fins had been moved to the Oakland Army Base, to be loaded aboard a vessel under military charter (which work, however, is normally done by ILWU personnel). Their suspicions proved correct; on June 12, a local official went to the base and spotted the missing cargo. From a clerk in ILWU Ship Clerk's Local 34, he learned the cargo would probably be shipped to the Canal Zone and from there transshipped to Chile.

Meanwhile the ILWU representative in Washington briefed several Northern California Congressional Representatives and the office of Sen. Edward Kennedy. The Senator would later call a press conference to announce his support of the ILWU refusal to load the bomb fins —at least until the human rights situation in Chile had been clarified.

Until the second weekend of June, only the longshoremen, the stevedoring company, trusted friends and politicians knew about the cargo and the refusal to load it. If the ILWU was to be successful, it needed broader support. For that reason the story was now given to the San Francisco press. On Sunday morning, June 18, the *Examiner* headlined: "ILWU Halts Bombs to Chile."

The Air Force responded quickly. The longshoremen and their Congressional supporters were misinformed, it said. The shipment was of fins for nonexplosive "practice bombs." These were not lethal weapons, the military explained, Maj. Mike Burch at the Pentagon adding that the bombs "were used for training. These practice bombs don't even have a marking charge. The greatest damage would be from the bomb hitting you on the head." Perhaps anticipating a question about the possible adaptation of a practice fin to lethal uses, Burch said: "It just makes it look like a classic bomb shape." "Well, if that's what they want to say, O.K.," shrugged an Oakland Army Base official who was more candid and maybe in closer touch with military practice. "But fins are fins, whether they're used on dummy bombs or real bombs."

ILWU International President Jim Herman rejected Major Burch's explanation as "inane, and insulting to the intelligence of the American people. . . . Anyone who has observed developments in that country since the 1973 coup," he continued, "can figure out what the Chilean military is 'practicing' for."

Major Burch contended, further, that the shipment was exempt from the arms embargo imposed by Congress in 1976, since the fins were part of a sale negotiated prior to the Arms Control Act. The State Department agreed. While some of its officials said privately that "it is a safe bet that the wisdom of going ahead with this transaction is going to be reviewed," publicly they denied any plan to cancel the order. The administration justified the continuing arms shipments to Chile, saying they were "in the pipeline" when Congress ordered the boycott. The government estimated that about $100 million worth of military equipment came under the pipeline concept.

This reasoning was challenged by Senator Kennedy, who observed that the "shipment still contains military equipment and should not be shipped at this time." Rep. Phillip Burton of San Francisco could find "no reason why this backdoor delivery of fin bomb parts to the junta should be made." He did not see why the deal could not be canceled retroactively. The absurdity of the pipeline concept was summarized by a waterfront old-timer. Had the idea of a pipeline been used during World War II, he observed, arms shipment to Axis powers would have continued through 1945.

On June 20, the union learned that the cargo was scheduled to be loaded abroad the *American Charger,* a United States Lines vessel under military charter that was en route from Guam and due to arrive at the army base on Sunday, June 25. The local stated that the dispute would not extend to other nonmilitary cargo, and it could not predict exactly when the possible confrontation would occur, since the amount of undisputed cargo was unknown. Herb Mills, secretary-treasurer of Local 10, made it clear, however, that a union official would be present on the dock at all times. "As of now," he announced in a bulletin to the men, "we still do not know if we'll be ordered to load this cargo, but if we are, the fat will be in the fire."

On the afternoon of June 20 two retired longshoremen came to Mills's office. They had read in Sunday's paper about the union's refusal to load the fins. They said it was the "proudest day" in their lives. Both had been union activists and political radicals. One was a Spanish Civil War veteran; the other a Local 10 founder. Both had been union officials.

Talk turned to strategy. Mills wanted to frame the work refusal in contractually defensible terms to prevent the employers from denying the pay guarantee to the entire port. "Tell them to use soldiers, who can't refuse to do it. They'd do that anyway," said one of the pensioners. Mills liked the idea and went to International headquarters to explore the consequences of that proposal. After a discussion, the decision was made. The union would invoke the rarely used Section 1.4 of the Pacific Coast Longshore Contract, which allows the union, with the employer's consent, to waive its right



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to perform specific and strictly limited portions of its work at any time. Of course, the employer can then seek others to perform the work. The union men felt, however, that in this instance other unions approached by an employer could be persuaded to refuse the offer. Also, the employer might be reluctant to escalate the dispute by employing military or supervisory personnel. They assumed that *anyone* would be reluctant to appear pro-junta in the then prevailing state of public opinion. At the same time, the union, having offered to waive the work in question, could argue before an arbitrator that its refusal to load the bomb fins was not an illegal work stoppage. The pay guarantee could therefore not be denied. The proposal seemed worth trying.

That day Mills moved the proposal at a special meeting of the Longshore Labor Relations Committee of San Francisco. Grounds for refusing to work the forbidden cargo had been developed in a way that might protect the pay guarantee in the event arbitration became necessary.

Contractually defensible militant actions seem to lack heroism; the martyr approach to protest almost demands that the actor risk harm. But the job action combines protest with the recognition that rational provision must be made for self-protection in the event of employer retaliation. Thus the difference between the moral reasons for an action and the stated contractual reason is not a matter of hair-splitting or hypocrisy. The longshoremen refused to load the cargo to protest against a Fascist regime that had destroyed a trade union movement. They were *able* to refuse because their contract contained a provision by which they could seek to waive their exclusive right to stevedore work.

As the ship neared port, expressions of sympathy and admiration mounted. Northern California Congressmen Phillip and John Burton, Ronald Dellums, George Miller and Fortney (Pete) Stark publicly backed the Local 10 action. They urged President Carter to stop all pipeline military shipments to Chile. The National Maritime Union took a stand with the ILWU by instructing the *American Charger* crew not to assist in loading the cargo. AFL-CIO inter-American representative, Andrew McLellan, endorsed the NMU stand. Three days before the impending confrontation, the ILWU membership was elated to hear that Italian and Yugoslavian dockworkers had announced an indefinite boycott of ships flying the Chilean flag.

Responsible military officers at the Oakland Army Base became nervous. A demonstration supporting the dockworkers had been planned by the local free Chile movement. When Mills went to the army base the night of June 22 to check out the bomb fins, he was approached by an army officer. "What do we have to do to avoid a confrontation?" the union leader was asked. "Don't load the bombs," he answered.

The next day, banner headlines proclaiming the ILWU's victory appeared in the *Examiner*: "Army Holds Up Bomb Parts. S.F. Chile Protest Wins." The army had called off the shipment and was putting the fins in storage pending State Department review of the military pipeline to Chile. The night before, ILWU President Herman had wired President Carter urging the shipment be canceled or at least delayed. For one day at least—June 23—it appeared that the President of the United States was acting in accordance with the wishes of workers whose concerns went beyond bread-and-butter demands to include the political rights of workers suppressed in other countries.

"June 23rd will go down in our history as yet another very proud day for all of us," said a tired Herb Mills. "We did everything we could to stop the bombing 'practice' which the Chilean Air Force must have if it's going to be good at killing the working men and women of Chile and their families." □

BLACK MARCHERS BRING OUT THE KLAN

# MISSISSIPPI RELIVES ITS '60s

**ARYEH NEIER**

Alfred "Skip" Robinson, a black businessman in his early 40s, walked slowly down the center of the main street of Okolona, Miss. on the last Saturday in August. Although the temperature was near 100 degrees and dress in Okolona is usually informal even in cool weather, Robinson wore a dark blue pin-striped suit, white shirt and tie. His attire and demeanor seemed consistent with the dignity of the demonstration he was leading.

Robinson is president of the United League of Mississippi, an organization that is conducting boycotts of white merchants in several north Mississippi towns to protest racial discrimination in hiring and police brutality. On that hot Saturday, about 350 blacks followed Robinson on a mile-long march through Okolona, a town with fewer than 3,000 residents. They were watched by Okolona and Chickasaw County police armed with shotguns, supported by a helicopter and about thirty-five hooded and robed members of the Invisible Empire Ku Klux Klan. The Klansmen stood in front of the Bank of Okolona. They were there, they said, "in case they [the blacks] try to take over the town."

Two weeks before the demonstration, Okolona Justice Court Judge, H.D. Ross, had published in the local paper seven rules that were to regulate future demonstrations. Ross acted on his own initiative, he said, because "I observed for myself" an earlier march and because "I am the conservator of the peace." His rules included a require-

*Aryeh Neier is the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union. His views here do not necessarily reflect the position of the ACLU.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment "That all persons that are going to march or ride in the parade route be searched for weapons." Any "suspicious person who is an obs:rver" would also be searched. Attorneys for North Mississippi Rural Legal Services and the ACLU of Mississippi went to the federal court in nearby Aberdeen and, after a three-hour hearing on August 24, two days before the Okolona march, obtained a ruling from U.S. District Judge Orma Smith that the rules published by Judge Ross were unconstitutional.

At the rally near the Confederate war memorial that capped the United League march through Okolona, several of the speakers talked about the federal court hearing. Many Okolona blacks had been present in Aberdeen and they made it plain how much they had enjoyed watching the white officials of the town forced to answer questions put to them by a black lawyer. The hearing in federal court had transformed the Okolona Justice Court judge's search order into a great victory for the United League.

The rally began with a prayer by a local minister and concluded with a prayer by another local minister. In between, there were speeches from the president of a Mississippi junior college and two attorneys. All four were black and all symbolized professional achievement. Except that one of the ministers and the college president wore leisure suits and a couple of the Chickasaw County police were black, everything about the march and the rally seemed to have been lifted right out of the early 1960s. That quality was also reflected in the United League's moderate slogan—Justice for All—displayed on T-shirts worn by many of the marchers. It was as if the last twelve or fifteen years of black nationalism and separatism, followed by apathy, had been wiped away. Even the Klansmen, watching through the slits in their hoods, contributed to a re-creation of the atmosphere of Mississippi in the early days of the civil rights movement.

However, the Klan members had changed a little. Below the robes the feet were shod in Frye boots and running shoes; two of the Klansmen had long blond hair peeking out from their hoods. The impression that some Klan members of the late 1970s look like counterculture youth of a few years ago was confirmed a couple of hours later when I went to Tupelo, an "All American City" of about 17,000 people that is 15 miles north of Okolona. Because the United League got its start in Tupelo and is especially active there, the town had been chosen for a Klan rally, which took place in the Convention Hall of the local Ramada Inn. The rally featured entertainment by "Grand Old Opry Stars"—to the displeasure of the Opry at being advertised that way—and the unveiling of a couple of Klan leaders to disclose their identities as police officers.

Along with four colleagues from the Mississippi ACLU, I stood in the Ramada parking lot to watch the Klan arrive. Many members were bearded and had long hair. Some of them unpacked Klan robes from the trunks of their cars, neatly folded and evidently just dry-cleaned (one of my colleagues speculated about what it must be like to be a black cleaning establishment employee who is given a Klan robe to press). They came with their wives and children and with guns in holsters at their waists.

A young white woman who is a reporter for a Jackson television station arrived and headed straight for the Convention Hall. She had with her the black cameraman who had accompanied her earlier in the day when she covered the Okolona march. Klansmen in the parking lot rushed to the entrance to help repel this invasion of their rally by a black, and others poured out of the building. The white woman did all the talking. She was there to cover the rally. The Klan would complain if the black demonstration was shown on television and its rally was ignored. Although she was polite, firm, professional, she got nowhere. Several of the Klan members fingered the guns in their holsters. "The best thing you can do, Miss," said one old Klansman, "is get out of here. And I don't mean later; I mean immediately." She took his advice and the cameraman followed. "Nigger-lovin' bitch," said someone. Five Klan members, two of them displaying gun holsters, followed them menacingly for a short distance.

A few moments later, the young woman tried again—by herself. Again, Klansmen poured out of the hall. No, she couldn't come in. She was tainted by her association with the black cameraman and, although the Klan was eager to have press coverage, it would do without her.

That incident was not as serious as something that had happened in Okolona a few days earlier. Sixteen shots were fired at Dr. Howard Gunn, the black college president who spoke at the August 26th rally, as he sat in his station wagon. Although the windshield and car windows were broken, Gunn emerged unscathed. One white man was injured in the melee that followed and Gunn says he can identify two of about a dozen whites who shot at him. At this writing, no arrests have been made.

On the same day that the United League marched through Okolona and the Klan rallied in Tupelo, eleven United League demonstrators were arrested in Lexington, Miss.—a town about the size of Okolona more than 100 miles away. The police chief, Ed Ellison, said they were blocking the sidewalk when they picketed stores as part of the boycott. The demonstration was "an offspring of Tupelo," said Ellison. "That's all the hell it is."

United League boycotts are also underway in two other north Mississippi towns, Holly Springs, Alfred Robinson's home, and Corinth. At the same, Klan organizations seem to be growing rapidly and are certainly much more visible than they have been at any time in recent years. Several thousand people attended a Klan rally in Decatur, Ala. in July and an even larger number showed up for another rally there in mid-August. If the Klan organizations ever manage to unite—an unlikely prospect, given the rivalries among them—they could become a powerful political force.

What does all this mean? Alfred Robinson seemed to put his finger on it in his speech at the United League rally in Okolona. "There's no such thing as the New



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South," he said. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the "New South" exists only in such outposts of commerce as Atlanta. In the small towns of Mississippi and Alabama, as Robinson put it, "You have more racism . . . in 1978 than you did in 1962." To deal with that racism, Robinson has gone back to the tactics of 1962 and his movement has aroused the same crude Klan opposition that it did in 1962. Up to date only in its hair styles and attire, the Klan has not changed its stripes. □

APARTHEID SAILS WEST

# White Africans in Latin America

**PENNY LERNOUX**

Isolated by international opinion and hostile neighbors, Africa's white minority governments are looking westward to South America for political support and a haven for African migrants. The Pretoria government has already held talks with three of the continent's military regimes regarding the establishment of a South Atlantic defense organization, and a scheme to resettle 30,000 white African families has been approved by the Bolivian Government. Brazil and Argentina have agreed to accept smaller numbers, approximately 2,000. Paraguay and Uruguay are discussing the possibility of African farm settlements.

While South America has traditionally provided a haven for European refugees, including German Nazis, Polish Jews, impoverished Italians and Spanish Basques, the injection of white Africans into a society already divided by racial prejudice raises troubling questions. Spokesmen for the Indian minorities warn that African settlements could institutionalize apartheid conditions that already exist in several of the countries. Meanwhile, the German, British and Dutch Governments are pushing the scheme precisely to avoid the social and economic problems that arise when African colonists return to their mother countries.

Supposedly staunch adherents to nonalignment, the South American military regimes privately sympathize with the Smith and Vorster governments, and employ the same right-wing political rationalizations and methods to suppress the majorities in their populations, which are poor and nonwhite. Official denials notwithstanding, the Argentines are deeply racist, their proudest boast being that their nation is homogeneously white, although this denies the Indian and *mestizo,* or mixed, populations in southern and northwestern Argentina. Though less obvious, race is closely related to social and economic status in Brazil, which has had no black President or general. The lone black of prominence sufficient to get him near a country club is the soccer star Pelé and then only on the playing field.

But while the South African Government would make a compatible bedfellow, to date neither Brazil nor Argentina has judged it politically prudent to embrace the white racists in a South Atlantic defense organization. (The other partner would be Uruguay, Brazil's satellite.) The world's largest coffee producer, Brazil depends on its relations with the other principal exporters to maintain a semblance of solidarity in the international market, and one of the four major producers is Angola. For the price of a cup of coffee Brazil's right-wing generals are willing to swallow even Agostinho Neto's Marxist government. Moreover, Brazil has illusions of economic imperialism in Africa, having embarked on a scheme to replace Portugal as a source of imports, particularly in the lucrative arms trade. But perhaps the greatest deterrent to closer relations with South Africa is Brazil's heavy dependence on oil imports, which requires the military to mind its relations with the nonaligned, anti-apartheid nations.

Argentina has no such impediments. The regime has not yet agreed to a defense pact with the South Africans only because its professional diplomats in the foreign ministry are well aware of the international censure Argentina would court by such a move, particularly in view of the government's already tarnished reputation in the field of human rights. (Amnesty International estimates that some 20,000 people have been jailed, tortured and/or murdered by government forces and paramilitary squads since 1974.) Despite such reservations, Adm. Oscar Montes, the Argentine Foreign Minister, has stated that "we have every intention" of signing a defense treaty with South Africa. "Relations between South Africa and the Southern Cone [of South America] are really important for the efficient defense of the South Atlantic," he said. Montes is not alone in so thinking. Uruguay's naval chief, Adm. Hugo Marquez, said that he would again propose such an organization at the regional meeting of heads of navies in Lima in August.

The restraints on Argentina and Brazil do not affect either Bolivia or Paraguay, which depend primarily on Brazilian good will for economic and political survival. Thus these regimes have no qualms about inviting African whites to settle in their countries. On the contrary, the Paraguayan and Bolivian Governments are good examples of the white elites who denigrate the ethnic roots of the Latin American people. The "brownness" or "blackness" of their compatriots almost always comes up in conversation with foreigners when comparisons are made between the different stages of development in the United States and Latin America. "If only our ancestors had been white Europeans," they will say, "we would be just

*Penny Lernoux is* The Nation's *correspondent in Latin America.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as developed as you Americans." This racist argument conveniently ignores the real cause of underdevelopment in Latin America—an outdated colonial society in which a few whites enjoy all the privileges of empire while the mass of Indians, blacks and half-castes have no rights at all. Although their culture is rich in art, religion, literature and folk wisdom, most nonwhites have succumbed to the culture of poverty described by Oscar Lewis in his studies of Mexico and Puerto Rico. Uneducated and fatalistic, with all initiative stamped out of their collective conscience by five centuries of European rule, they believe the white Latin American who tells them they are stupid, lazy and inferior—for the simple reason that only white people appear successful and rich.

In Paraguay and Bolivia, where most of the inhabitants are Indians or *mestizos,* racism is particularly pronounced (the most virulent racists usually have an Indian grandmother or great-uncle in the family). Both countries have encouraged the emigration of the poorest (i.e., nonwhite) sector of the population, and in Bolivia's case the government has even sanctioned programs for the forced sterilization of Indian women. "Indians are more of a burden than animals because they eat more and work less," commented one well-to-do Bolivian.

White Africans are a different matter. Explained the Bolivian Ambassador to Mexico: "Five hundred years ago 1,500 [white] families went to North America, and I would say that today the United States is the greatest nation in the world. Five hundred years from now Bolivia might be a great nation with 30,000 [white African] families."

Actually, the architects of the scheme to resettle Afrikaners in Latin America are neither Bolivians nor Paraguayans but white Europeans who would like to pass the buck to the Latin Americans—presumably in the belief that they can emulate Washington's earlier success in dumping several thousand bombed-out Okinawans in the Bolivian jungles (Paraguay got South Koreans). With the blessing of the British and Dutch Governments, West Germany asked the U.N.-related Inter-Governmental Committee for European Migration (CIME) to sponsor a low-profile meeting in Costa Rica at the end of 1976 in order to explore the possibility of resettlement of white Africans in Latin America. Among those present at the conference—euphemistically titled "Transfer of Technology through Migration"—were representatives of Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Uruguay and Venezuela.

The conference was preceded by negotiations between Bolivia's minister of planning and coordination, Gen. Juan Lechin Suarez, and members of CIME and the Inter-American Development Bank for the resettlement of Angolan Portuguese colonists in Bolivia. Nothing came of this scheme, although Lechin agreed to accept a limited number of Angolan families and a white Angolan delegation actually visited Bolivia. However, a new immigration bill has been adopted by the Bolivian military regime and a national council created to facilitate entry and resettlement of white African immigrants. At the Costa Rican meeting only Bolivia agreed to take large numbers of Rhodesian, Namibian and South African families. Bonn representatives promised to sweeten the deal with a $150 million loan to finance resettlement. CIME is to help pay for transportation.

Publicly, neither the Rhodesian nor the South African Government endorses the plan, since it will cause a further population drain at a time when whites are already leaving for Australia and Europe. Nearly 11,000 left Rhodesia last year, according to government statistics; it was by far the largest migration since Rhodesia broke with Britain in 1965. In the same period some 26,000 whites fled South Africa. The loss was largely offset by the entry of 24,800 immigrants, but it was the first year since 1960 that the country suffered a net loss in its 4.5 million white population. The trend is clearly downward. Since 1975, white immigration to South Africa has fallen by 50 percent, whereas the number leaving the country has risen by 250 percent. As one migrant explained, many are leaving because "a black government is coming and we want to get out before the real trouble begins." Economic considerations are also a strong motive.

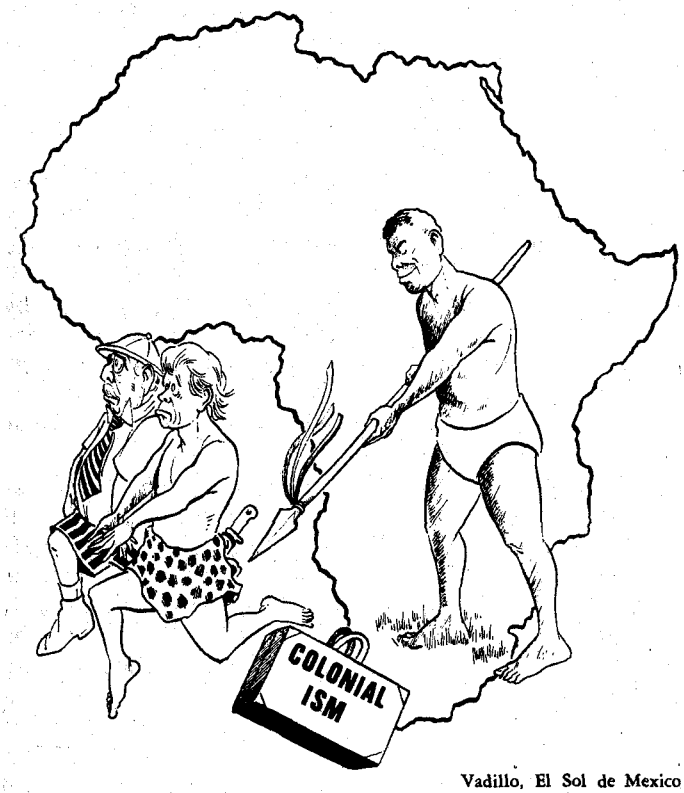
A vanguard of fifty South African farmers and their families is preparing to take off for Bolivia under the auspices of Romano Caputti, a Bolivian engineer with commercial interests in South Africa, who believes that the experience of these families will encourage other South Africans to settle in Latin America. Although the Vorster government publicly decries the exodus, Bolivian officials claim that the South African Government asked them to accommodate South African immigrants. A delegation from the Afrikaner Herstigte Nationale Party (HNP), which visited both Bolivia and Brazil in February, told the *Sunday Times* of South Africa that, while Bolivia was "not exactly paradise," it was "preferable to the situation currently developing in South Africa." The HNP delegation felt that white South Africans, with their "inbred intelligence" and "racial purity," could easily take over the Bolivian economy, which they said was "run by a small minority of white immigrants from Europe who keep the Spaniards and local Indians well and truly in their place."

This South African view of the future confirms the worst fears of human rights advocates in Bolivia, who oppose the scheme to "whiten" Bolivia. Spokesmen there for the Catholic Church point out that the government's principal argument for the plan is simply a device to deprive the Indians, who make up three-quarters of the 5.6 million population, of their economic and civil rights. Everyone agrees with the Bolivian Planning Department when it says that the government must populate the eastern department of Beni, with its rich forest soil and mineral reserves, before colonists from neighboring Brazil overrun the area. Nor is there any denying the ability of white African farmers to develop such areas, which would also benefit from African capital, machinery and even small industries. The catch is that the areas in which the white Africans are to settle in Beni and Santa Cruz have been earmarked for colonization by the impoverished Indians who live on the desolate Andean plateau in the western half of the country.

One of the poorest nations in South America, Bolivia has long looked to the fertile eastern lowlands as a solution to its economic and population problems, and since



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

1952 a steady stream of Bolivians have come down from the harsh, 12,000-ft.-high *altiplano* to the lush eastern rain forests, particularly to the department of Santa Cruz. Migration to Beni, north of Santa Cruz, has been limited only by lack of infrastructure, and this is changing with the construction of roads.

Official propaganda to the contrary, government development programs for the eastern lowlands have consistently penalized Indian peasant migrants in favor of Bolivian and foreign agribusinesses in rice, cotton, soybeans and sugar. According to an AID survey, 80 percent of government agricultural credit goes, not to the impoverished western *altiplano* but to the eastern region, and of this amount 96 percent is earmarked for large landowners. Peasant homesteaders and cooperatives receive a mere 4 percent of the average $60 million a year budgeted for agricultural programs in the lowlands. The average monthly per capita income of the Indian peasants is $4 and, thanks to a price freeze on agricultural products, the real income of the farming population has dropped 5 percent per year since 1973.

Because of these conditions and political repression, some 700,000 Bolivians have left the country. The largest part of them is concentrated in the sugar-growing region of northwestern Argentina where they work as plantation labor. Thousands more live in Brazil and other Latin American countries, Europe and the United States. Opponents of the government plan to "whiten" Bolivia point to the absurdity of inviting 30,000 African families to settle in eastern Bolivia when one-third of the Bolivian work force lives in exile because it lacks land and infrastructure—the very things the government is offering the white Africans. But that is as it should be, according to Migration Under Secretary Guido Strauss, who told the shocked secretary general of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, Enrique Iglesias, that the government's objective was to construct "a white Bolivia."

Ironically, the people who will most suffer from this scheme are the peasant families and tin miners who pay for the government budget with their poverty (workers in the nationalized tin mines earn $1.50 a day). The areas earmarked for African settlement—Rurrenabaque, Kara Kara and Secure in the department of Beni and the Abapo-Izozog Reservation in Santa Cruz—have benefited from some $15 million in government infrastructure, and a jungle highway now nearing completion will connect western Bolivia with the 1.6-million-acre settlement area. A $19.6 million Japanese loan will finance additional infrastructure projects, including a network of jungle roads and feasibility studies for the construction of two cities, one of them to be located near Rurrenabaque. The Bolivian peasants who originally were to benefit from these investments will not only forfeit their rights to white Africans but also underwrite the $250 million which the Bolivian Government intends to spend to help resettle the Africans.

If the Okinawan agricultural colonies near the city of Santa Cruz are any indication, the African settlement will simply repeat the pattern of exploitation begun by the Spaniards five centuries ago. With U.S. financial support and plenty of fertile land, the Okinawans have developed a thriving rice and soybean industry since their arrival in Bolivia after World War II. Though the Okinawans could hardly be described as racists and a number of their children have married Bolivians, the different levels in education, and the advantages the Okinawans obtained from the U.S. and Bolivian Governments have separated Asian from Indian peasants. On one side of the road winding through the rice and soybean plantations are the neat farmhouses and gardens of the Okinawans; on the other, the thatch-roofed hovels of the illiterate Indians who work on the plantations. One society has obviously prospered; the other never had a chance.

The influx of white Africans will not significantly alter Bolivia's racial balance, only 15 percent of which is of European origin; with the Africans, this would rise to 17 percent. But critics of the plan are unanimously agreed that the Africans would deepen the already apparent racial differences. The country's Conference of Catholic Religious Orders has warned: "African immigrants of radically racist mentality, condemned even in their [European] countries of origin, could easily implant apartheid in Bolivia, aided by Bolivians who treat the poor, uneducated Indians contemptuously." Mrs. Emma Obeas Torres, widow of former President Juan José Torres, who was assassinated in Argentina, adds to that prediction: "The people the government proposes to bring to my country are not workers but exploiters."

Prior to the July Presidential elections, the Bolivian Government had been denying that it planned to settle 30,000 African families, but these disavowals ring hollow. For one thing, they refer only to the numbers of migrants, not to the plan itself. Furthermore, a procession of South African and Rhodesian visitors, including businessmen,


ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mining experts and farmers, had been inspecting the eastern lowlands where the settlements will be located. Now that the military regime's Presidential candidate is assured of taking office, after a rigged election, Bolivian officials can go back to planning their welcome for the white Africans.

Meanwhile in Uruguay and Paraguay, the possibility of African settlements is also under discussion. The Uruguayan military regime is studying a project to relocate 20,000 African whites, presumably to help compensate for the 300,000 Uruguayans who have fled the country because of military repression. The principal drummer for the Africans' cause in Paraguay is the largest circulation daily, *ABC Color*, owned by Aldo Zuccolillo, one of the richest men in the country. "Among the nations which could receive the Africans ours is one of the best," the paper boasted. "Physical, political and legal reasons . . . add up to Paraguay's being of interest to Africans who decide to leave their country." Not all Paraguayans share Zuccolillo's optimism, the thousands of political prisoners who have suffered under Gen. Alfredo Stroessner's twenty-four-year-old regime being, no doubt, especially skeptical.

Ever since 1974 when Stroessner led a 100-strong delegation to Pretoria, to become the first non-African head of state to visit South Africa in twenty years, there has been a steady traffic across the Atlantic, including Premier John Vorster, who in 1975 singled out Paraguay for his first visit to South America. To date, the Paraguayans have been the principal beneficiaries of this relationship, having received $27 million in South African loans and a promise of South African military equipment, in addition to the gift of a spacious new building for the Paraguayan Embassy in Pretoria. The return gift from Paraguay, which already accommodates German and South Korean colonies, could well be the land and infrastructure necessary to settle white African families.

The prospect of a white African beachhead in the Southern Cone of South America does not seem to worry either the military regimes or white elites who run these countries, even though the Africans have arrogantly suggested that they eventually would dominate their hosts. Meanwhile, there are plenty of Indians, blacks and half-castes for both white groups to exploit. □

NEIGHBORHOODS AS REAL ESTATE

# THE 'UPGRADING' OF NEW ORLEANS

**JASON BERRY**

When a neighborhood dies, it is not like the death of a relative or the wake of a friend. Something larger is at stake; a culture changes, a way of life passes. People who for years have sat on steps and traded tales are suddenly uprooted. Old houses are made new. The black folk leave; the Latinos leave. Old white folk on fixed incomes naturally are forced to leave. Younger people, professional and prosperous, move in. Real estate speculators stand in front of the houses that are left, calculating what they will be worth when "preserved," impervious to the lives of people still in them. Let me tell you about what has been going on in New Orleans. It is where I live, but it is not a "local" story; it is a chapter in the national story of urban change in America.

In the fall of 1973 I moved into an old house in a remarkable neighborhood. The Irish Channel is a long strip of blocks that follow the Mississippi docks, some distance from New Orleans's business district. Adjacent is the elegant Garden District, where tourists wander dreamily among ancient oaks and great houses with high columns and broad plantation porches. Many of the Channel houses, recently renovated, are Greek Revival structures with porches and pillars; but there are also small corner bars, family-run grocery stores, playgrounds and scarred streets in blocks not yet discovered.

Irish immigrants came to the Channel in 1790, lured there by the city's Catholic roots and indifferent ties to England. In the early 19th century, the port was booming and worker families moved into the two-story houses, divided up by then into apartments. Italian and German immigrants arrived early, and by the 1950s there was an influx of blacks and Latin settlers. As white descendants of the first residents rose in politics and business and moved to the suburbs, the "Irish" Channel became the most culturally eclectic neighborhood in the melting-pot city. On one corner stood Parasol's, an old saloon where white men debated sports and fumed about Earl Warren; ward heelers were always going in and out of Parasol's, which each year plays host to the St. Patrick's Day celebration. On another corner stood the Rio Lindo, popular with Latinos.

My neighbors were grand people. Downstairs lived a retired hockey player and World War II veteran who would discourse on anything at any time; next door was a black woman, Almetta Bernard, possessed of many grandchildren and nieces and nephews. Each afternoon she sat on her porch and held court, people stopping to chat with her as they walked along the street. In summer her kids sang songs to the radio and made drum music with old washtubs and dried roots or long spoons.

Across the street two old sisters kept their house and yard picture-book neat, and next door to them was a valiant old white woman dying of cancer, who walked

*Jason Berry has written for numerous national publications and is the author of* Amazing Grace: With Charles Evers in Mississippi. New Orleans Review *has just published his short story, "Petrie Upon the Water," based on folklore from the city's neighborhoods.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her tiny dog religiously each day. Many other people, of different shapes and colors, sat on porches and talked in the afternoon. I heard stories about shrimp boat trawling, virtuous politicians, "reel guhd athuletes" and victorious union leaders. I became privy to the superstitious lore of Catholic graveyards; also to the legend of the infamous Green Lady, a ghost who haunts Negro grammar schools. There were stories of Angola penitentiary in the days of Huey Long.

Luzy Merlo is one of 80,000 Hondurans who have moved into New Orleans in recent years. Now in her early 40s, she arrived here twenty-five years ago. "I've lived in the Channel since first coming to New Orleans. This is a special neighborhood to Spanish-speaking people. When you ask where we come from, we say we live in L'Empira neighborhood. L'Empira is the national hero of Honduras. That restaurant on Magazine Street is called L'Empira. To Latinos, the Irish Channel is a barrio, a place we know where our people see each other on the street, in the store, at Rio Lindo."

Until recently, Luzy Merlo was proprietress of the Rio Lindo. A long, colorful mural depicting scenes of Latin America surrounded the dance floor, a rare piece of community art work. On weekend nights Luzy featured a brassy dance band, the Monarchs, with a creole trumpeter, Russian keyboard man, a Jamaican on maracas and an assortment of Spanish-speaking sidemen. On those Friday and Saturday nights, the music echoed into the streets, nice Latin melodies competing with the loud buses that groan along Magazine Street.

Luzy Merlo has borne and raised five children. For several years she waited on tables, all the time active in Latin community affairs. In 1975 she got a break and became proprietress of the bar. "Always, always I wanted Rio Lindo to serve the Spanish-speaking people of New Orleans. Sure, I make a living but this club has to be more. On Sunday nights we turned proceeds over to the soccer teams. Whole families came in on Sunday. Our mural shows people where they come from —Honduras, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Cuba."

Last year a coalition of realtors, socialites and people from the Garden District got the city to ban music from the club, and that effectively killed Luzy's business. The key charge against her was that the bar was noisy and too rowdy. There was some truth to the charge, but considering the violent nature of other bars in New Orleans—a white man was shot to death in a discothèque and an arsonist set fire to a gay establishment, killing thirty-two patrons—the Rio Lindo conflict could have been worked out agreeably. The police who acted on inconsequential complaints from people who wanted the bar closed emphatically told me so.

The group largely responsible for destroying Luzy's business was the Irish Channel Improvement Association, which wanted to raise property values. It hired a loud young state legislator from a distant suburb—a sort of urban redneck—to prosecute the case. The City Attorney joined in willingly, as did an easily manipulated black City Councilman (who lost his seat in the next election). The key incriminating evidence at her trial was an entertainment license which did not bear her signature and had been backdated by someone at City Hall: this was used as "proof" she was in violation of the zoning code. At the trial, some thirty residents of the Channel showed up in Luzy's defense, but to no avail. The man who rendered this ugly decision is now a federal judge.

The amazing thing about displacement in the Irish Channel is the callous way people of social standing have conducted their business. No one seems interested in helping people find new homes, or in renovating in ways to preserve the existing residential pattern. An architect and opponent of the Rio Lindo told me, "I'd like to see the Channel move up to the economic level of the Garden District. Renters are being displaced. It's sad, but the only hope for the neighborhood."

That vision of the Irish Channel as ripe for colonizing by the Garden District is different from Luzy Merlo's notion of the neighborhood as a barrio, a village with inherent folkways and human roots. About the time her place went out of business there were other changes. One night during the bitter freeze of January 1977 I saw my neighbor across the street, one of the two elderly white sisters, crying in front of her house. The pipes had burst, and the landlord refused to fix them. I learned that the landlord, a resident of the Garden District, had bought the house some time ago, told the ladies they could stay, then asked if his painter could use their electricity to power a sander before repairing the house. The women said yes and the house was painted. Whereupon the landlord told them to move, as the house would now undergo full renovation. Then the pipes burst, and the sisters left at the end of January.

The son of one of them said to me: "My mother's 60 years old; she makes $85 a week. You don't say to someone making that money that you're going to renovate after using them that way. . . . Everybody is renovating for the wrong class. When people get kicked out who have lived there so long, it degrades the area."

And here is what the landlord, a prominent "preservationist," told me: "I guess that's the way tenants think. I've got fifty rental units. I don't repair any pipes when it's freezing. You think I'm going to call fifty irresponsible tenants every time it freezes and tell them to drip the pipes? . . . I can't hold everybody's hand."

By the time the house I lived in was sold, eighteen people in a two-block area had been displaced. The saddest, most lingering memory I have of the Irish Channel was of a young black woman standing downcast in front of her house as the moving van came. She had four children and was now moving back to the drug-infested St. Thomas Street housing projects. "I got out of the projects before, and I never wanted to go back, no way," she told me. "Now I ain't got no choice."

The image of the *public* New Orleans is carefully merchandised by the commission for tourism, our second largest local industry. You find it custom-made in the fourteen square blocks of the French Quarter, about half



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of which is residential, breathtaking Spanish and French colonial buildings, palm-lined patios and wrought-iron balconies. In the rest of the Quarter, near Canal Street, you can still hear some of the old jazz, but mostly it is a tacky stretch of neon bars, strip joints and porn shops, overpriced hotels and restaurants.

The private New Orleans is very different. Beyond the Quarter and the downtown business district, the city's character changes quickly. What Lincoln Steffens said of Paris well describes the real New Orleans: ". . . a loose merger of many, very many small provincial communities, each of which is self-sufficient and pleasantly or offensively clannish." The heart of the city's folk culture has always been the tightly knit fabric of the neighborhoods. These villages, of which the Irish Channel is but one, have names like Bayou St. John, Bywater, Treme (pronounced Truh-*may*) and the Seventh Ward.

When real estate speculators move well-to-do whites into these old blocks, hundreds of people are displaced. The uprooting is certainly not peculiar to this city. In the Venice suburb of Los Angeles, in old blocks of San Francisco, on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, in Boston and other cities, lower-income people, many of them long established into their neighborhoods, are being forced out as the middle class rediscovers the urban heritage. It is a human drama of "right versus right"—the importance of architectural preservation and revitalization posed against the mounting housing needs and established folkways of the urban poor.

Preservation versus displacement has become a political issue here, the intensity of which is mirrored in the careers of two men—Moon Landrieu, the outgoing Mayor, and Ernest "Dutch" Morial, recently elected the first black Mayor. Moon Landrieu is a vigorous man of 49. A star baseball pitcher in college, his days begin with an aggressive round of tennis at dawn and continue politically at the same pace. Landrieu was first elected to the state legislature at 29 and promptly evoked controversy by casting the lone vote against a rash of segregation bills that were being pushed through at that time.

He was elected Mayor in 1969 with 98 percent of the black vote and soon guided the city out of inflamed racial conflict by hiring blacks in record numbers for city jobs and speaking bluntly about civil rights. It cost him some popularity at first—in one white political watering hole they call him "Coon" Landrieu—but the city began to change, and Landrieu quickly emerged in the national press as an eloquent spokesman with an informed knowledge of urban problems. He was the U.S. Conference of Mayors' key speaker on Capitol Hill and lobbied aggressively for aid to New York. (Abraham Beame, in a show of appreciation, devoted a weekend to entertaining Moon and his wife.)

If racial liberalism was a cornerstone of Landrieu's new politics, his economic position was more complicated. The business community had supported his opponent and "there was concern about me. We had a few difficult years of adjustment. I got over the scars of the campaign and it turned into an excellent and warm relationship. . . . One of our roles in government is to create an environment in which business can best function." By opening the city up to real estate developers and new money, Landrieu oversaw the rebuilding of a large tourist industry; but in the process his supporters destroyed a third of the central businesss district and began a holy war with preservationists. When the stately St. Charles Hotel was razed, even Dick Cavett, who has long been in love with New Orleans, spoke out against the Mayor.

Demolition and redevelopment downtown forced the preservationists to organize politically. The largely patrician Friends of the Cabildo produced a handsome series of books, "New Orleans Architecture," the first volume of which included, as bait for buyers, an inventory of neglected houses on fringes of the Garden District. Within weeks of publication, real estate values began to climb in the area. Tours were organized; neighborhoods were placed on the National Register of Historic Buildings; preservation entered the city's political vocabulary. In 1974 Landrieu himself called for a moratorium on further demolition downtown. By then, renovation had spread into older neighborhoods, the folk villages.

Landrieu repeatedly told national audiences that "New Orleans's key to racial harmony is our unique, biracial housing pattern. The simple proximity of black and white people, in the same neighborhood, is one of New Orleans's great blessings." Under his administration, new suburbs such as Lake Forest in New Orleans East mushroomed, while more prosperous people moved back to the old city. Landrieu sees displacement as a minor problem. "It's part of the natural workings of the economic cycle. You obviously can't take a population that's poor by national standards and lift it out of poverty overnight. We have poor housing here in many ways, but if you look at New Orleans East, there's a pattern of integration taking place, blacks and whites living adjacent to one another in Lake Forest, a 60/40 mix—'salt-and-pepper.' " After leaving office, Landrieu went to work for the city's biggest land developer.

By the time Dutch Morial announced his candidacy last spring (Mayors in New Orleans may hold office for two consecutive terms and Landrieu's second term was up) some people thought the unique, biracial housing pattern of which Landrieu boasted was in jeopardy in the old neighborhoods. An angry tenants'-rights group began to emerge. As the Mayoralty moved into full swing in the fall, the public conscience was stirred by the displacement problem, but the impetus did not come from politicians.

¶ A young artist named Kristine Stafford exhibited a show of paintings and video interviews, appropriately titled "Eulogy to the Irish Channel." One speaker on the tape was my old black neighbor, Almetta Bernard. She sat on the step of her house and said defiantly to the camera: "Yes, several people have offered to buy my house. But it doesn't bother me cause I'm not going to sell. . . . That's right. We the only black people on this block and I will be here, and when I go they gonna be some other blacks living in this house. In *this* house."

¶ Jeanie Blake, a feature reporter for the normally rigid morning *Times Picayune*, produced an article on



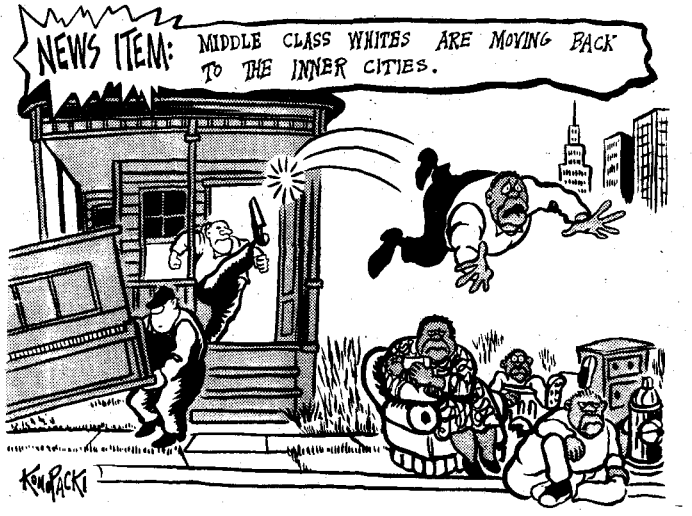
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

displacement—profiles of sad people reminiscing in the Channel—which the *Picayune* followed up with a supportive editorial.

¶ The most powerful statement on displacement was a probing half-hour TV documentary, *Changing the Channel*, produced by the Video Access Center, an activist media group. The show enraged a number of preservationists, long accustomed to fawning media support. And by the time of the November runoff in the Mayor's race, there was a new side to the issue of preservation—the people it displaced.

Dutch Morial, who won that election, is a rather curious figure in New Orleans politics. Whereas Landrieu rose from a working-class background, Morial is something of an aristocrat with few ties to the black political organization. A dark-haired "creole of color," his skin is so fair that on the night of the election runoff, an A.P. editor from New York called the New Orleans bureau wanting to know "which one of these guys is the black?" A desk reporter had to describe Morial to him.

Morial has piled up the usual "firsts" during his political career—first black elected to the legislature since Reconstruction, first black Appeals Court judge—but he occupies a fascinating position in the housing struggle, for he is part of the white *and* the black societies. He was one of the first blacks invited to the Rex Mardi Gras ball, his son attends an Ivy League school, and he can talk the language of bankers. On the other hand, in hundreds of soul-station radio spots—where most of his media money was spent—he drove home the message: "This is Dutch Morial, *your* candidate for Mayor."




To thousands of semi-literate, impoverished blacks he is a symbol of hope.

Morial's opponent in the runoff election was a bumbling City Councilman named DiRosa, who ran on one issue, rising utility rates (over which the Mayor has no power). A key issue of the Morial campaign was the housing conflict. Reflecting before his May inauguration, Morial told me: "My approach was semantic. I did not speak of preservation or displacement; rather of 'neighborhood conservation.'. . . [It] is a more inclusive term. It incorporates both preservation and the problem of displacement. . . . Conservation is a better word. It covers . . . quality of life, education, environmental impact, and then of course housing."

Morial's campaign was strongly geared to neighborhoods. He talked preservation to the preservationists, with mild cautionary comments about the need to help the poor, and to the poor he spoke of the need for adequate housing (Carter could not have performed better). One important Morial supporter was Jim Hayes, leader of the Citywide Housing Coalition, which has called for a tenants'-rights arbitration process. Jim Hayes is not your ordinary activist. He was born and raised in the Treme neighborhood, which borders Rampart Street and the French Quarter. Eleven square blocks of Treme were razed a decade ago to make room for a cultural center. Hayes and company fought the move, and won a compromise: a theatre for the performing arts was built, but the rest of the space was to be a park, named for Louis Armstrong, Treme being the black neighborhood where a number of famous musical families have lived. However, Armstrong Park has not developed as Hayes expected. Although considerably financed by federal moneys, it is plodding toward eventual completion as a tourist center.

Jim Hayes, now in his early 30s, can remember the Old Caldonia Inn, a bar razed to make room for the park. "Man, when I was a kid you saw some stuff in Caldonia. Fats Domino, Professor Longhair, Smiley Lewis, plenty of N'Awlins musicians used to hang out there. Plenty of queens went there too. They had a wake one time for this gay dude who died, and I'm tellin' you, the colors those folk wore are still bright in my memory." Music was a crucial force in Jim Hayes's childhood. "The songs were everywhere, man, jukebox, bars, the bands. The music was the one thing that kept us all together, kept kids from going really angry-mad."

Before destroying the Treme houses, city officials met with community leaders. Hayes today claims his group was misled. "The biggest mistake we made was ever agreeing to the park in the first place. The city promised to help resettle folk, but most of them went through hell finding new places to live. The city didn't stick to its end of the bargain." As part of the bargain, while architectural re-creations of the Storyville jazz district went up on the land—these buildings are expected to be a major tourist draw—a $2 million community center was built on the far edge of the park, just off the neighborhood. The rest of the park is enclosed by a long wall, with cement foundation and black iron rods, which Hayes cynically calls "HUD's million-dollar fence." It encircles the park—except for the community center, which stands out alone in the corner, reminding the citizens of the neighborhood that they too are on the other side of the wall.

Armstrong Park, a legacy of Landrieu's enthusiasm for tourism, is far behind schedule because of funding problems and inflation, but one day it will certainly open; too much is invested. A theatre, museum, and center for jazz musicians will stand amidst an elegantly designed replica of the past. Al Rose, jazz historian and author of the definitive *Storyville*, is a prime mover behind the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

park; he predicts it will draw at least a million extra visitors to the city. But Jim Hayes and many people in Treme are bitter about the park. A young black artist, Bruce Brice, memorialized the displacement caused by the park with a large outside mural, depicting people marching away from their urban turf, with an ironic figure of Louis Armstrong prominently featured.

The main enemy, in Jim Hayes's view, is in Washington. "All over the nation, HUD is captured by banking and financing institutions. Carter and Patricia Harris [HUD director] went in blind. It's not their fault, but they've got a huge bureaucracy to restructure if the housing problem is gonna be dealt with intelligently.

"You can talk about development, revitalization, rehabilitation, but ultimately you are talking about HUD. When community-based organizations got wind of this 'revitalization' a few years ago, we all wanted to be part of it. But look at what HUD has done: they pour money into Armstrong Park but not a dime for new public housing."

Jim Hayes supported Dutch Morial for Mayor. As he explains: "I had pretty much written Dutch off. You know, the guy was a wealthy creole and he didn't come out of the streets, like the folk I work with. I was in Laurel, Miss. organizing a rally against the Klan when a friend called me and read a statement Dutch had made on displacement. I drove home that night and started organizing for him. It was important to me to cut into what Landrieu did: he divided blacks between the haves and have-nots."

If Jim Hayes served Morial as an important street organizer, James Bobo was a key intellectual consultant. Dr. Bobo, an economist at the University of New Orleans, wrote in 1975 a critique of the city economy which was something of an assault on the business establishment and the media. There are roughly 600,000 people in New Orleans proper, half of whom are black. Bobo says the housing dilemma is "one part of the widespread decay in the economy here. Tourism barely makes a dent; service-industry jobs created by the Superdome offer little upward mobility and don't expand the tax base. We have an enormous subemployment class. Most blacks can't afford decent housing, even if there were enough of it."

Dr. Bobo is now at work on a study of the local housing crisis which will probably be a key document for the Morial administration. The data he has unearthed paint a grim picture. Only 38 percent of New Orleans houses are owner-occupied; 73 percent of blacks pay rent, and "blacks occupy the majority of slum rentals. At the same time, you have a shortage of substandard housing that increases each year, while the population increases at the same time. Where are these folk going to live? . . . Since 1960, the city has destroyed *11 thousand* low-income rental units—and built nothing in their place."

Bobo grew animated at the end of our conversation, and began shaking his head. "The housing crisis is smoldering just below the surface of city life. The people with money pour it into Mardi Gras and high society and ignore what's happening around them. If something isn't done soon, you're going to see eruptions."

Although the tourist commission hates such publicity, eruption has already begun. Crime is not only bad here, it is often haunting. In 1973 a black Vietnam vet, Mark Essex, got on the roof of a downtown hotel and began shooting pedestrians. He was killed a day later, after a sensationally televised battle with police. Mark Essex has become something of a hero to many young blacks who are mired in the poverty and drug culture of the housing projects. Even one of the dazzling black marching tribes of Mardi Gras, the Yellow Pocahontas Indians, pauses at the hotel for a moment of silence in his memory when it parades each year.

Mayor Morial, Jim Hayes, Dr. Bobo and many others believe one road to improvement of the city is to get blacks into restored houses. Although Morial had no set plan as his administration commenced in May, everyone realizes that it is still possible to rebuild the city, while maintaining neighborhood integrity. The entire area of black central city—where Louis Armstrong was born and which others still call Back O'Town—has scores of crumbling houses, waiting for restoration.

Back O'Town and what is left of the biracial folk neighborhoods like Treme and the Irish Channel may well be keys to New Orleans's spiritual survival. And if the city wants its spirit to survive, it could look to Pittsburgh and Savannah, which have pioneered preservation of houses and the maintenance of cultural patterns.

A guiding premise in restoring the Mexican War Streets in Pittsburgh was that low-income people had a right to share in urban revitalization. The Pittsburgh History and Landmarks Foundation was able to attract federal money through assistance of philanthropists, foundations and individuals who shared the vision. Arthur Ziegler, a leader of the neighborhood conservation movement, wrote "Historic Preservation in Inner City Areas: A Manual of Practice," which outlines various federal assistance programs. But the key to creation of revolving funds is that a local consortium must contribute seed money. Banks must be willing to match funds of private nonprofit preservation groups. Quite simply, there must be a moral commitment on the part of those willing to restore houses to help people who might not be able to afford the rent.

This same attitude is now at work in Savannah's Victorian District. The Savannah Landmark Rehabilitation Project buys houses, restores them with help of low-income people, who receive on-site training, then rents them to low-income tenants and uses federal subsidies to help pay off the mortgages. As more affluent residents restore their houses, neighborhood pluralism emerges.

Lee Adler, an investment banker and key mover in the Savannah experiment, recently told the *Atlanta Constitution*: "We don't feel it's fair, decent or anything else to shove a whole bunch of people out. Black people built a lot of this town. Some people have lived in their neighborhoods for thirty years. I think it would be a sin if we didn't try to do something to help people already living there."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Almetta Bernard, my old black neighbor, shared that sense of sin, as the people who tried to buy her house found out. She died a few weeks ago, and at the wake in her church many friends stood up and spoke nobly of her, while gospel music played in the background. I remembered her strong words—"When I go there will be other black people in this house . . . in *this* house" —and I thought about the drastic inroads upon the folk culture of the Channel.

The only way to preserve and uplift such a culture is through politics. It is difficult to say how much power Dutch Morial can exert, given an archaic housing code and tax base. One thing is certain: preservationists must support neighborhood conservation. That will mean fighting off speculators and working in harmony with the government for funding. The logical approach would be to attract as much HUD funds as possible, match it with private and institutional moneys, and build a housing *industry* in New Orleans, employing the poor to rebuild houses they will then be proud to inhabit.

New Orleans has a paltry tradition of philanthropy and a backward financial community. On the other hand, the city has never before had a black Mayor, which could be Morial's largest asset in dealing with this emotional problem. When he talks, whites will listen, like him or not. And when he presents his blueprint for neighborhood conservation, I hope the lenders and preservers heed him well. For if Dutch Morial fails, all of us in this soul-rocking, jazzy and irreverent town will lose a special region of the heart. □

## FREE SPEECH *(Continued from page 258)*

*given to certain "First Amendment" freedoms. Being essential for the proper operation of the entire system, we hold them inviolable. This inviolability is based not on their supernatural origin or certification, but upon our resolve to give them always first place. We could alter this resolution if we wished. But whenever we have ignored these principles or underestimated their essential role, our democracy has suffered. Two centuries of deeply satisfying self-rule reaffirms the wisdom of our decision to revere the principles that are the condition of our national self-government. That reverence we manifest by writing these principles into our Constitution, saying plainly of the freedom of speech, press, assembly and petition, that even the Congress is not permitted to abridge them.*

*This conditional defense of the freedom of speech in a democracy permits no exceptions. It applies to all opinions and all persons, however mistaken or perverse, and however much displeasure the majority is thereby caused. Being without exception, the argument applies not only to persons and views thought loathsome, but also to those thought dangerous.*

*The doctrine of "clear and present danger" is applied by well-meaning democrats who believe that it is sometimes necessary, for the safety of the nation, to restrict free speech. While that freedom must indeed be always revered, they argue, there are times when some opinions, or the speech of some persons, must not be permitted in order that the nation be preserved. . . . The danger must be clear, and it must be present; when it is both, the opinions or persons who create that danger may be silenced.*

*I put aside now the clear incompatibility of this doctrine with the plain words of the First Amendment. I put aside also the fact that the doctrine is easily and commonly misapplied, sometimes used to suppress dangers both unclear and future. More importantly, that doctrine is fundamentally incompatible with the spirit and operating principles of the democracy it was devised to protect. Four counter-arguments, taken together, are compelling.*

First: *intelligent participation by citizens in their government requires that they be allowed to hear all that can be said for, or against, or about every proposal of joint concern; they must therefore be permitted to hear arguments or ideas thought by some to be dangerous. . . .*

Second: *the "clear and present danger" doctrine manifests a fundamental distrust of the people, a lack of confidence in their capacity to judge for themselves. . . . Any such doctrine implicitly supposes that some may safely hear the nasty person or idea, but that the rest must be kept from contamination by it. It supposes, in short, just what democracy denies—that because the mass of people are incompetent to govern themselves they need a set of enlightened governors who will protect them from "dangerous ideas."*[1] *The "clear and present danger" doctrine flies in the face of democracy.*

*Concerning the censorship of books and printing as a way of protecting citizens from "dangerous" opinions, John Milton wrote* (Areopagitica, *1644*)*: "Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? . . ." It is true that the advocates of the "clear and present danger" doctrine do not usually propose a general censorship of the kind Milton was attacking. All principles, however, having the effect of censorship . . . patronize the people by forbidding them to hear the "dangerous" ideas upon which they must ultimately pass judgment.*

Third: *if the nation is "preserved" by silencing or censoring, what is saved may not be worth the saving. In abridging freedom we may destroy the very system we set out to preserve. The suppression of free speech necessarily denies—so far as it is employed—the democracy it purports to protect. . . .*

Fourth: *any principles restricting the freedom of speech rest on the absurd premise that the security of the nation depends upon its power to punish people for the expression of ideas. They suppose that, were certain people or views not suppressed, the entire society is jeopardized. This premise is plainly ridiculous. . . . If ever the nation did prove that insecure, we should be gravely concerned about the wisdom and justice of its policies, and all the more anxious to hear everything that might be said about them. . . .*[2]

This vital argument does not conflict (as Green believes it does) with the general defense of free speech—for Nazis too!—based on long-term utility. Green is mis-

[1]The U.S. Government, in its brief in support of the prosecution of Lloyd Barenblatt (1959) for refusing (on First Amendment grounds) to answer questions about alleged Communist affiliation, speaks of the "communication of unlawful ideas"!

[2]This and other passages cited from *Democracy* appear in Chapter 10, "The Constitutional Conditions of Democracy," pp. 139, ff.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takenly certain that "*no conceivable good*" can come from the espousal of what he knows to be truly evil. The utility in defending the right to advance even gruesome opinions may flow not from the substance of those opinions, but from the benefits accruing to those who, after hearing them, better understand why they prize what they do prize, and who their enemies are. Whether some good can result from the speaking and demonstrating of vicious persons is a matter I think we ought not be dogmatic about. Whatever the subject of the argument—be it the most malignant we can imagine—John Stuart Mill is yet right: "He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that." Note, too, that this straightforward utilitarian argument is independent of any commitment to or against democracy.

Nevertheless (as Green rightly points out), if restricted to a utilitarian defense only, we *may* encounter circumstances in which, all things considered, the utility of free speech is outweighed by the utility of suppression. The Nazis present no such case. We may perhaps imagine such a case arising in times of extreme national stress, with demagoguery taking highly sophisticated forms. Even then we must defend free speech, for the reasons given in the first argument, above. I wrote, in *Democracy*:

> *Those who would restrict the freedom of speech frequently resort to the following argument: "What you say about the need for freedom in a democracy is all very well, and should apply to those who accept and support the Constitution. . . . It does not apply, however, to those who advocate subversion and sabotage, and who seek the violent overthrow of our democratic government. Whether technically citizens or not, they must be silenced, for we cannot allow them to claim the privileges and protection of the Constitution while making every effort to destroy it. To do this is to commit national suicide. . . ."*
>
> *This argument is as bad as it is common; it misconceives the place of free speech in a democratic society. The objection supposes that the guarantees of a democratic constitution are essentially trades, deals between those who have power and those who do not. "We will protect your right to speak and publish," the implicit covenant might read, "providing you behave yourself, promising always to support and defend us. Should you fail to live up to your part of the bargain, our obligations to protect you cease." This is precisely what the protection of free speech in a democracy is not. The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is not a bargain; its guarantees are not given in trade for support of the Constitution, for citizenship, for loyalty to the country, or for anything else whatever. The Constitution protects the free and open expression of all criticisms and all proposals not merely as a privilege to him who writes or speaks, but as a fulfillment of a condition that democracy requires. It is not the loyal citizen alone who is free to speak; all are free to speak—citizen and alien, supporter and critic, loyal and disloyal alike. They must be free to speak because the rest must be free to hear. That is why the political objectives of the speaker, however scurrilous or subversive, are not relevant to the protection the Constitution promises him. If he seeks to put an end to democracy, and to replace it with some form of despotic state, his proposals—in a truly open society—are not likely to meet warm support. . . . In any event, if a democratic government is to be maintained, it is the principles of democracy that must guide the conduct of its citizens and not the principles of its enemies.*
>
> *Justice Jackson wrote, in* W. Va. State Board of Education *v.* Barnette *(319 U.S. 624, 1943): "The freedom to differ is not limited to things that do not matter much. That would be a mere shadow of freedom. The test of its substance is the right to differ as to things that touch the heart of the existing order."*
>
> *This does not mean that we cannot or may not distinguish between heresy and crime. Proof, going beyond any speeches or writing, that criminal acts have been actually attempted or begun, changes the issue from one of free speech to one of guilt or innocence. Serious crimes are not to be lightly or carelessly alleged. When there is good evidence of the commission of such crimes, or of overt attempts to commit them, criminal prosecution should be begun. Short of that evidence, criticism of the government or its leaders or policies, talk about the cruelty and injustice of the existing system, and even the advocacy of lawlessness and revolution must, in a democracy, be protected. . . .*
>
> *Finally, if we recognize and fully protect the right of an avowedly anti-democratic minority to speak their peace openly, how serious is the danger we then face? That there is some risk of the people freely electing leaders who will put an end to their freedom must be admitted. How grave is this risk? Those who would suppress subversive opinion assume that allowing the public advocacy of revolution is suicide, flatly inconsistent with the preservation of democratic society. This claim is simply false. . . . Have we so little confidence in the depth of democratic convictions among ourselves as to suppose that only hearing the advocacy of revolutionary views will incite our fellow citizens (never ourselves!) to violence or sabotage? . . .*
>
> *Too many democrats labor under what James Thurber wisely called "a false sense of insecurity." In a healthy democracy those who advocate the violent overthrow of constitutional government are likely either to be laughed at or treated as beneath contempt. Jefferson said in his First Inaugural Address: "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. . . ."*

It is important to see that the defense of free speech based upon long-term utility is very solid, although in rare cases it may prove insufficient; and it is equally important to see that the defense of free speech based upon its role as condition for the democratic process is wholly sufficient —but only for those already committed to the principles of democracy, which are themselves also in need of defense and sometimes problematic. Both of these forms of argument were deliberately woven into my essays in *The Nation* (April 15, May 6, June 24) defending the free-speech rights of Nazis, and attacking so-called "group libel" ordinances.

On the connections of these consistent defenses, I concluded, in *Democracy*:

> *The true relation between the utilitarian and the conditional defenses of free speech may at last be seen. The latter employs the former, but goes beyond it. The arguments of John Stuart Mill show how necessary is unrestricted thought and discussion for the discovery of truth, the correction of error, and the appreciation and defense of truths already possessed. The successful practice of democratic government requires that such intellectual advancement be fully within the power of the members of the community. The utilitarian arguments defending free speech, therefore,* are *the arguments of the democrat. But, he insists, in the context of a working democracy, the utility of free speech cannot be outweighed by danger. He is obliged to defend free speech universally, arguing as follows: if a community intends to govern itself democratically, its members must apply to all of the affairs of that community the conviction that underlies Mill's argument—that truth and human well-being are always best pursued through unrestricted inquiry and debate. Free speech is thus defended as absolute, but the defense itself is conditional; it is conditioned by a prior commitment to democracy, grounded upon the fact that completely free speech is the condition—the constitutional condition—of successful democracy.*

CARL COHEN



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## A Figure of Flawed Greatness

LEON TROTSKY. *By Irving Howe. The Viking Press. 193 pp. $7.95.*

**ALEXANDER RABINOWITCH**

Among the two dozen or so writers and political figures who are the subjects of Viking's "Modern Masters" biographical studies ("men who have changed and are changing the life and thought of our age") surely history has been cruelest to Leon Trotsky. Trotsky's central role in the Russian Revolution has been completely obliterated in Soviet historical works and sorely mangled even in many recent Western studies. Moreover, until the last few years, apart from the now classic work of the late Isaac Deutscher, Trotsky's life and thought have been virtually ignored as a subject for serious scholarship. Framed against this background of misrepresentation and neglect, Irving Howe's illuminating short study about, in Howe's words, "one of the titans of our century," is especially welcome.

Howe makes it clear that he does not intend to be comprehensive. He has barely touched on those developments which are essential to an informed understanding of the fate of Bolshevism and of Trotsky personally. Fortunately, these events have been dealt with extensively in other recent studies, most valuably in Stephen F. Cohen's brilliant biography: *Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution* (Knopf, 1973). Howe's book is instead a carefully focused, interpretive essay, a retrospective re-examination of Trotsky's ideas and historical importance by a leading literary scholar who was himself a Trotskyist as a City College student during the depression. On its own terms it is of immense general interest, a highly stimulating contribution to the literature about Trotsky and early Soviet history.

Perhaps the most admirable characteristic of Howe's endeavor lies in the balance struck between Trotsky's great strengths and brilliant achievements as theoretician, revolutionary leader and political and social critic on one hand and, on the other, those failings of character, action and perception that contributed to his downfall.

Trotsky's moments of greatest international glory came, of course, during the civil war, as organizer of the Red Army, and in Petrograd in 1917 as the unsurpassed orator and tactician of the October Revolution. In his *The History of the Russian Revolution*, written many years after the event, Trotsky paid tribute to Lenin's predominant importance in the October Revolution. This emphasis, accepted by Howe, is well taken, since upon his return to Russia from exile in April 1917 Lenin, almost singlehandedly, pointed his followers in the direction of a socialist revolution. Barely five months later Lenin's voice was decisive in orienting the Bolshevik leadership toward the earliest possible overthrow of the liberal provisional government. But it is at least arguable that if Trotsky had not been present in Petrograd and if he, along with other local leaders basically sympathetic to Lenin's point of view, had not intervened to adapt Lenin's directives to the realities of the existing political situation, the Bolsheviks would have committed political suicide. In mid-September 1917, Lenin dispatched a series of frantic appeals to the Bolshevik Central Committee for the immediate organization of a popular armed uprising. More sensitive than Lenin to the attachment of most workers and soldiers to the Soviets as legitimate democratic institutions, party leaders on the spot, among whom Trotsky was the most prominent, stubbornly pursued the ultimately successful tactic of masking the provisional government's overthrow as a defensive act on behalf of the Soviets and linking the establishment of a Soviet national government with the decisions of the Second All-Russian Congress of Soviets.

Not only did Trotsky help mastermind the "politics of October" but his theory of "Permanent Revolution," first propounded following the revolution of 1905 and adopted by Lenin in 1917, was the theoretical underpinning for the seizure of power. Historians have tended to ignore the counter-arguments of such "Right Bolshevik" opponents of Lenin and Trotsky in October as Kamenev and Zinoviev but as Howe aptly observes, in 1917 their relatively moderate political aspirations, envisioning the formation of an exclusively socialist, democratic coalition government in which all parties and groups in the Soviet would be represented, were very widely shared both inside and outside the party. Moreover, in retrospect, much of their thinking as it relates to the long-term dangers of an exclusively Bolshevik assumption of power in backward Russia, appears quite wise. In line with their pessimistic predictions, the decisive risings of the European proletariat which according to Trotsky were the precondition for the building of a socialist society in Russia did not materialize. To retain power, the Bolsheviks were forced to fight a devastating civil war, during which the democratic and decentralized character of the party, which was integral to its success in 1917, was lost; the independence of the Soviets was destroyed; an oppressive centralized bureaucracy was reimposed throughout the country, and Russian political and economic life became harnessed to the dictates of the Bolshevik leadership. Isolated and overtaxed, the dictatorship of the party degenerated into Stalinist totalitarianism.

As Howe's thoughtful account of the power struggle to succeed Lenin suggests, at its inception the one sure bet in Soviet politics seemed to be that Trotsky, then still war commissar and world-renowned hero of the revolution and civil war, would ultimately triumph. Howe's analysis points out some of the more obvious sources of Trotsky's failure: his brusque and arrogant personal manner; his aversion, by contrast with Stalin, to the nitty-gritty of organization politics and intra-party maneuvering; his erratic, often self-defeating behavior at especially crucial moments; and, along with most others, his failure to appreciate Stalin as a serious threat until too late. Yet Howe speculates that such frequently cited factors may well have been of secondary importance, that at bottom the realities of post-revolutionary Russian life, "social weariness, endless poverty, lack of culture, asphyxiation of independent thought, [and] loss of spirit among Bolshevik cadres," may have made it almost inevitable that Trotsky would fail, even had he been tactically cannier.

In analyzing the complex connection between Leninism, Trotskyism and Stalinism, Howe rightly sees some of

*Alexander Rabinowitch is the author of* The Bolsheviks Come To Power: The Revolution of 1917 in Petrograd (*Norton*), *and director of the Russian and East European Institute, Indiana University.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seeds of the mature Stalinist system in Bolshevik thought and behavior during Lenin's lifetime. And he is justifiably critical of Trotsky's complicity in the early development of the tough Bolshevik one-party dictatorship. Upon assuming the chairmanship of the Petrograd Soviet in September 1917, Trotsky had declared that "in directing the Petrograd Soviet's work we will observe the individual rights and complete freedom of all factions: the arm of the Presidium will never be used to stifle a minority." Nonetheless, soon after the revolution, Trotsky stood out among the party officials as a zealous proponent of and apologist for centralization and political repression. Having superintended the bloody suppression of the Kronstadt uprising in March 1921, Trotsky justified this and other similarly arbitrary acts on the grounds that the Soviet Government was a "worker's government." To Howe, this haughty, authoritarian side of Trotsky is plainly abhorrent.

At the same time, with good reason, Howe is sharply critical of Deutscher's tendency to equate Trotsky's thought with Stalin's and to venerate the latter as a despot who carried out the cruel imperatives of history. Howe also takes pains to dispute the notion of liberal Western writers who implied that Stalin, having embarked on crash industrialization, had "stolen Trotsky's thunder." Here Howe underscores fundamental differences in conception and purpose between Trotsky's economic views in the mid-1920s and the horrendous economic transformation upon which Stalin embarked in 1929. Indeed, Howe argues a bit tenuously that in important ways the policies propounded by Trotsky (for example, in regard to the encouragement of foreign trade) were more akin in philosophy and purpose to Bukharin's moderate economic program than they were to the drastic measures subsequently pursued by Stalin.

Few major figures of the 20th century have written as voluminously and authoritatively on such a wide range of subjects as has Trotsky. Howe bestows lavish praise on Trotsky for his literary criticism, especially *Literature and Revolution*, written in the early 1920s. "Had he devoted himself systematically (or better yet unsystematically) to literature," Howe avers, "Trotsky might have become one of the great critics of our century." In Howe's estimation, Trotsky deserves similar admiration as an intellectually brilliant historian and trenchant political observer—*The History of the Russian Revolution* being in his view "the single greatest work of history in the Marxist vein." As Howe also points out, in the 1930s probably no one was more bold, steadfast, and informed than the exiled Trotsky in crusading for a united Left front to curb Hitler and in exposing the bloody excesses of forced collectivization and the Stalinist terror in Russia. Yet his sustained critique of Stalin notwithstanding, right up to the time of his assassination in Mexico in 1940 Trotsky did not question the validity of his prerevolutionary assumptions regarding the prospects for socialism in Russia. Writes Howe regretfully of this last stage in Trotsky's tragic life, "The man who emerges in these concluding ten or twelve years is a figure of greatness, but flawed greatness: a man great in personal courage and intellectual resources, but flawed in self-recognition, in his final inability or refusal to scrutinize his own assumptions with the corrosive intensity he brought to those of his political opponent." □

# Twice Told Tales

## VIVIAN GORNICK

In 1890 the American feminist, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, wrote a short story called "The Yellow Wallpaper." Making use of the first-person narrator, the story plunges with startling directness into the midst of a woman's life. We learn quickly that she is genteel, educated, has more than a casual taste for intellectual life, and is suffering from "an indefinable malady, a nervous complaint." Her husband, a kind intelligent doctor who loves her dearly, has brought her to a beautiful country house for three months of the complete rest he knows will lead to recovery. She is simply to lie about and luxuriate in her lovely surroundings. All cares (including that of the house and her newborn baby) are to be lifted from her by the servants, she is to concentrate on nothing but getting well. Above all, the good doctor insists, no mental work. Pen, paper and ink, he suspects, are the cause of her spiritual agitation to begin with.

When the narrator indicates that she wishes to settle into a small pretty room on one of the lower floors (a room large enough, actually, to contain only herself), her husband, gently but firmly, guides her to the old nursery on the top floor, pointing out reasonably enough that this is the perfect room for them. This room is large, airy, sunny, and has many windows from which may be seen the countryside and the bay that surround the house. It also has bars on the windows, and on its walls a peeling, figured yellow wallpaper.

From the first moment she lays eyes on it the narrator hates the wallpaper. Its color—a sickly sulfurous yellow—is odious to her, its design, repellent. She tries to communicate her aversion to her husband but he tells her not to be a "little goose." She observes of this response: "John laughs at me, of course, but one expects that in marriage."

The days and nights pass without purpose or occupation. Instead of getting better the narrator seems to be growing worse. She suggests that perhaps if she could visit some stimulating friends or have congenial work she would progress. No, no, her husband sincerely insists, exactly the opposite. All the famous doctors of the time are agreed on this question: there is nothing worse for someone in her condition than stimulation.

Against her will, her attention is drawn repeatedly to the hateful yellow wallpaper. Observing it closely, she sees that the squiggly lines she had thought were simply "committing suicide" in all directions, do actually form an image: that of a broken neck with two bulbous eyes hanging downward, staring openlidded at her. She begins to obsess about the pattern of the paper. The eyes stare relentlessly at her.

Then she makes another remarkable observation. She sees that there are two layers of paper, and at night the upper layer moves. She discerns a trapped figure between the layers; it is that of a woman. The upper layer is moving because the trapped woman is shaking it, as though it is a set of prison bars from behind which she seeks release.

The narrator begins a covert and systematic "watch" of the woman shaking the paper; (she only does it at night; thus, the narrator gets no rest because the fierce woman behind the paper won't let her sleep). In time, the narrator realizes that during the day the woman is actually creeping about, bent low to the ground, all over the place—the house, the garden, the countryside—but at night she is back inside her wallpaper prison.

The narrator determines she must

*Vivian Gornick is the author of* The Romance of American Communism (*Basic Books*).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free the woman behind the wallpaper. She begins tearing at the paper, removing it in long narrow strips. Then, suddenly, she makes common cause with the woman behind the paper, and with great cunning and secrecy (after all, she knows how improper this will seem to her husband) she takes to creeping about the old nursery into which she locks herself by day.

Throughout, the husband remains kind, loving, firm, reasonable. At the very last he breaks in on her. She is creeping about on all fours—irredeemably mad. The last lines of the story read:

> "I've got out at last," said I, "in spite of you and Jane. And I've pulled off most of the paper, so you can't put me back!"
>
> Now why should that man have fainted? But he did, and right across my path by the wall, so that I had to creep over him every time!

Charlotte Gilman sent "The Yellow Wallpaper" to William Dean Howells who called it a story to "freeze our blood," and promptly sent it on to Horace Scudder, then editor of *The Atlantic*. Scudder returned the story to its author with the following note attached to the manuscript:

> Dear Madam:
> Mr. Howells has handed me this story. I could not forgive myself if I made others as miserable as I have made myself!
>
> Sincerely yours,
> H.E. Scudder

"The Yellow Wallpaper" was published in 1892 in *The New England Magazine*, and then later reprinted in 1920 by Howells in *Great Modern American Stories*. It was damned out of hand by moral uplifters, praised by the literate for its Poe-like grotesquerie, and said by medical doctors to constitute an accurate account of incipient insanity. At neither publication was the story read any differently.

Two years ago there was published, simultaneously in England and in the United States, a book called *Anna* written by a British writer who used the pseudonym David Reed. Written in the form of a diary whose entries cover ten weeks in 1973, this book describes the mental breakdown and suicide of Reed's wife, Anna. It also tells the story of their marriage as Reed experienced it and contains a somewhat elliptical description of the small society in which the final months of David and Anna's common life went forward, this last including the Community of R.D. Laing.

The background and events of those ten weeks in 1973 is, in brief, as follows: David (English, middle class, aged 29, a hard-working writer) and Anna (German, middle class, aged 35, a failed graduate student) had been married ten years and had two small sons. Throughout their time together Anna suffered repeated breakdowns, was on a number of occasions hospitalized, and received both shock treatment and extensive psychotherapy. In the spring of 1973—having been for the previous two years under the care of a therapist who was a disciple of R.D. Laing—Anna suddenly began moving once more toward breakdown. Against the advice of a more conventional psychoanalyst, Anna's husband and therapist agreed that this time instead of hospitalizing her they would, with love and understanding, see Anna through her madness, thereby not removing her from the world to which she eventually must return, and proving to her that come what may those who loved her could sustain the shock of her psychic break. Thus, for six terrible weeks Anna proceeded to live out an internal nightmare of snake-pit proportions while remaining at home with her husband, children, and the Laingian "helpers" who trotted in and out of the house with a naive knowingness both poignant and frightening.

At the end of that time Anna miraculously, seemed to "emerge" from her deranged state, a triumph of Laingian prediction. There followed twenty-four hours of golden lucidity. Then, having persuaded David of her recovered calm, she rose in the night from their bed while he slept the sleep of the exhausted, went out to the garage and there set fire to herself. Anna survived her own immolation for five dreadful weeks in a hospital where doctors and nurses labored to reclaim the burned-out life that day by day slipped irretrievably from their grasp.

*Anna* is characterized by strong feeling and a compelling sensitivity. David Reed wants, needs, to understand how it is possible that his beautiful, intelligent wife could no more have been saved from the fatality of her own anguished self than if she had been carried off by war, plague, earthquake or famine. He returns again and again to the moments that seem crucial to him, asking: was it *here*, if only I had understood, that the process could have been halted? He reviews their common history relentlessly, unsparing of his own possible complicity in Anna's despair. He includes most persuasively the Laingian Community, and Laing himself, to give cultural context to the sincerely groping quality of his decisions; (there is a stunning moment outside a London subway station where they ac-

## THE LONGEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS

*You know this already.*
*I stood without warning and wandered around.*

*Who doesn't live before his time?*

*The trot-line crosses from bank to bank:*
*Pulled downstream like apron strings,*
*Certain cat-gut lines with hooks,*
*Certain trout, yet uncaught.*

*Inside one, one blue-tail fly*
*And a drop of fisherman's blood.*

*Maybe you watch from an attic window*
*And think of me*
*As your breath on the glass comes between us.*

*Maybe you walk through a park, embracing*
*One tree after another; or pass*
*A procession of women*
*Going to visit their lovers in prison.*

*Maybe you have the feeling of having been gone a long time.*
*The same air hangs in the house*
*Till after the auction.*

*Now that you're missing the harvest is this:*
*Light fails, wind falls back,*
*The earth is saved in the heart's cellardark.*

James Galvin



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cidentally run into Laing who stands there, staring miserably at the wild-eyed Anna and the helpless David, as though to say: what have I wrought?).

With all this—with all the intelligent sympathy, good will, and burning unhappiness of David Reed, with all the contemporary perception with which it is invested, the wealth of attention paid to the power of psychological anguish and the complexity of actual madness—with all this, *Anna* could have been written by the husband in "The Yellow Wallpaper."

The history of David and Anna Reed's love affair and marriage is romantic and stormy, marked by the emotional legacy of World War II and the acute "foreignness" of all human beings, one to another, that love first denies then beats its head against. David —18 years old when they meet at a university seminar in Munich the summer before he is due to begin his studies at Cambridge—is eloquent in his evocation of the deep sexual love he instantaneously feels for the sad, beautiful Anna, then 24 years old. The English boy trembling with sensitivity, the young German woman already half-mute with psychic sorrow, come strongly to life. What is most touching about them is the imploring quality that informs their mutual efforts against heavy odds—family opposition, cultural differences, financial dependence—to make their love survive and prevail. Beset on all sides by anxiety and confusion, they nevertheless push on through.

Yet, all other things being equal, it seems clear that from the beginning David's confusion, fundamentally and to the largest degree, was a function of his youth, while Anna's was of an altogether other order.

She is older and wiser when they meet; (she *is* a woman, he is a boy). Given Reed's filtered description of her behavior, it is still apparent she knows how feeble is her grasp on her own life, how insufficient her ability to grapple with the all-important question of work (she is already failing and drifting in her studies). In some vital way, she senses that to become David's wife and the mother of his children is to go under, give up the struggle. Her conflicted feelings mark their relationship from the start: one moment she loves him passionately, the next she is suddenly cold; one moment they are alone together, the next she is simply alone; repeatedly, she hurls herself at him, she turns away from him.

Her tendency is to go under. (How hard, after all, it is to think. Who, given a choice in the matter, will simply *not*? And is the history of a human being who is a woman not characterized by that "choice"?) Marry the boy and have done with it! At the same time she sees her life being swallowed up and it induces in her a sickness of fear, guilt and shame that makes her take refuge in breakdowns.

From the first, Anna's breakdowns are graphic, an almost primitive metaphor for a woman's idiomatic fear and self-hatred. The first breakdown comes when, before they are married, David returns to England and Anna, alone in Paris, thinks she is pregnant. She writes him that now the die is cast, come what may they will be together. The next day she slashes her wrists. The second breakdown comes after the birth of their first child. She is hospitalized. Reed writes: "Anna withdrew into a world of complete silence now, wouldn't give her name when asked, and wrote her maiden name on the form they handed her." During the third breakdown she talks of killing one of their children. During the fourth she tries to kill the other child. . . . And then there is sex. Early on, Reed says that while their sexual life had been powerful as unmarried lovers, it began to die almost as soon as they were husband and wife, and he observes casually: "In a way she hated being married, domesticated . . . and her way of registering this was by shutting sex into a corner." At the same time, as she approaches madness she obsesses about his leaving her for another woman (whenever she is in the hospital she is convinced he has started divorce proceedings), and always she speaks of killing the children.

In 1971 David and Anna conceived the idea of writing a book together about a pair of brothers—European writers, men both political and bohemian—that would constitute a study of brotherhood and creativity. For David one of the brothers became the focal point of the work, for Anna the other. They quarreled over the shape the book must take and bit by bit, although she had done an enormous amount of work on it—reading, researching, note-taking —Anna lost her own vision and, as she had done a hundred times before, backed off from the project. David wrote the book. Of this time he writes:

"The two years I spent working were without doubt the happiest and most rewarding of my life—and of my marriage. For Anna it was not the same. She had the distress of watching while the book slipped into my domain and out of her grasp, even though her work on the subject promised to make a book in its own right, and gave her tremendous intellectual stimulation." (Remarkable that he can say it was the happiest time of his marriage while for her it was otherwise.)

Shortly after David finished the book Anna entered into her final, fatal period of derangement. After her death he found—among an extraordinary mound of papers, journals and unsent letters she had been writing for years and very nearly in secret—a letter she had written him in 1971 in which she said: "This book is a unique chance for both of us, and we must not destroy it. I said once you got going you would knock me into the ground, and you are about to do it. You get so engrossed in yourself when you work hard—ruthless, regardless of the victims. Can't you see this book as a chance to get over your own ruthlessness? What helps you all the insight of the world, if it is only your insight and does not take into account my experience?"

David Reed—honest, well-meaning, scrupulous soul-searcher—makes careful note of this indictment as well as many others. Of another terrible time when Anna is hospitalized—utterly mad, crooning to herself, writhing around on the floor—he writes that while visiting her: "She burst out at me hatefully: 'Yes, you are a writer'—the word writer drawn out with mockery and the hard steel of jealousy so that I felt ashamed of myself—'and I am not creative, not grateful.' She was searching for the derogatory terms I perhaps have used to defeat her, and I pined. . . ."

*Perhaps* is the operative word here; the word that is at the heart of the matter; the word that makes David Reed the husband in "The Yellow Wallpaper." "Perhaps she did hate being married. . . . Perhaps she did feel caged. . . . Perhaps my work did defeat her." Over and over again, the word *perhaps* rings like a funeral bell, gonging away through the pages of *Anna* with a regularity that becomes rhythmic. That rhythm has a hidden message.

With all his perception and sensitivity, with all his love, good will and large social sense, a crucial piece of understanding eludes David Reed, fluttering around the edge of his consciousness, never coming to the necessary focused center. He does not *know* what it feels like to be Anna, to be inside her skin. He cannot really imagine her inner life. He does not *know* that his marriage is not her marriage, that for him marriage is a source of emotional nourishment, for her an overwhelming psychic defeat. Each time Reed writes "Perhaps she did . . ." or "I suppose she felt . . ." or "I imagine she thought . . ." he re-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veals that he views the landscape of his wife's being but he does not *see* it, the distance is too great. It is, essentially, the distance of the rich man riding through a ghetto who looks out the plate-glass window of his limousine and murmurs to himself: "It must be terrible out there."

Historically, of course, this murmur is not to be negated. The 19th-century husband would have looked out the window and concluded that his being inside the limo instead of out there on the street was God's proof of his inborn superiority . . . But the similarity of distance for both Reed and the 19th-century husband is still powerful; in fact, overpowering.

Experience is a plant which when placed in the rich soil of one being takes root and flowers, placed in the sandy soil of another not only will not root but may wash away the fragile structure of the earth altogether. The questions regarding the origin of madness that *Anna* raises are many. It is certainly possible that almost any combination of elements in her personal history could explain the disintegrating effect of life's experience on Anna Reed's vulnerable self. But it is more than possible that to ignore or take lightly the femaleness of her experience is a serious mistake.

"The Yellow Wallpaper" was a brilliant metaphor for the fatal suffocation of spirit that commonly lay behind a 19th-century woman's happily married life. The eerie sensation that *Anna* duplicates the metaphor is inescapable. And never more so than in the fact that in both cases the husbands are decent men who, standing on the edge, suffer intensely as they gaze down into the pit that has swallowed the women they love.

David Reed is, I believe, a good person. He is not guilty of having deliberately done his wife in, he is guilty only of having been himself, of having been healthily compelled to experience himself through devotion to his work; (a fine thing, work *is* the primary passion, it should have been so for Anna as well). But it was in the nature of the marriage that he should have accomplished the primary need of his being at Anna's expense; in the act of being not David but her husband he was instrumental in her vital loss of self.

When two nations of unequal size enter into a treaty, with all the good will in the world, it is a given that the larger of the two will prevail over the smaller. David was destined to become the larger nation, Anna the smaller. One can only conclude that perhaps such treaties should not be made. After all, the main thing in life is neither to be large or small but rather to be whatever one is. The struggle to be is, under all circumstances, one of formidable proportions. It is a mark of social and individual maturity that one avoids those circumstances in which the odds are desperate. □

# The Lament for Lost Art

SILENCES. *By Tillie Olsen. Delacorte Press. 289 pp. $10.95.*

**JOAN PETERS**

When *Tell Me a Riddle* was published in 1969 Tillie Olsen became a literary phenomenon. She was 56 years old and the book of short stories was her first. Very few writers produce such delicate fiction without a lifetime of writing and publishing. Even more significant for the time, perhaps, was her avowed feminism. It was 1969. The women's movement was gathering strength and women were trying to articulate the special problems of being female. Olsen explained her years of silence in particularly appealing terms: she had raised four children; she had been poor; she had worked to make ends meet.

I heard Olsen speak in 1971 at the Modern Language Association. Like everyone around me, I could not help but be moved by her passionate concern for women and for changing the conditions that hindered them. She seemed a kind of sage to a generation of us, this generous white-haired feminist writer. And miraculous. Most of the "famous" women writers at that time were not publicly feminist. Thus her position as exemplar and its attendant dangers, and thus too an admirer's reluctance to be disappointed by anything she writes.

*Silences* is a book of essays in which Olsen explores "the relationship of circumstance;—including class, color, sex, the times, climate into which one is born—to the creation of literature." With numerous quotations from writers' diaries and journals and her own impressive knowledge of the lives of great and scarcely known artists, Olsen builds her case for the fragility of the artist and of art. She does so with the passion of one for whom "the simplest circumstances for creation did not exist."

We are reminded throughout that our belief in the invincible will of the artist and the inevitability of the Muse's gift is naive. Many people are plain and simply excluded from the world of art, which is not the same as saying that they have no creative capacity. They are silent as Melville was for thirty years during his tenure in a Customs House with "only weary evenings and Sundays left for writing;" as Hopkins was for seven years during which he spent himself on parish duties. They have neither the material conditions nor the confidence of place which would allow them to write. It is no accident, she notes, that only eleven black writers in the hundred years from 1850-1950 published more than two novels.

As a lament for lost art and for the struggles of artists, *Silences* is powerful, but as an argument it is weak. Olsen suggests that artists must live "wholly surrendered and dedicated lives." This sounds familiar, and what emerges is a rather chilling if standard romantic portrait of the artist as mad recluse. She admits the need for the "right fullness of work and family life" but fears that with both, the artist's "work will be impeded, lessened, partial." She allows that the primary commitment to art need only be four hours a day, but the impression *Silences* gives is that women especially must dedicate themselves monastically. She quotes (selectively) from successful women writers for whom art is life: Woolf at 48, "children are nothing to this," or "I walk, making up phrases, contriving scenes; am, in short, in the thick of the greatest rapture known to me"; Katherine Anne Porter, "I have enjoyed my work, it has been my only happiness"; Willa Cather, "thou shalt have no other gods at all."

Olsen suggests that "when Rilke wrote . . . about responsibility (to his writing), he is explaining why he will not take a job to support his wife and baby, nor live with them (years later will not come to his daughter's wedding nor permit a two-hour honeymoon visit lest it break his solitude where he awaits poetry). . . . Extreme—and justified. He protected his creative powers." But is it necessary? Haven't we many examples from Chaucer to Wallace Stevens of art successfully integrated with life, even family life? The case is badly overstated, and what is more, we

*Joan Peters is a critic and teacher who at present is writing a book on the development of the hero in fiction.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do not know what Melville would or would not have produced had he not spent thirty years in a Customs House. It is probably true that art is fragile and needs nourishment, but there is something extreme, almost silly, in a position that demands special justice and special conditions for art.

*Silences* is an extreme book with occasional riches. It is most effective up close, in the examination of the individual writer. And one of its most affecting passages is the introduction Olsen wrote for Rebecca Harding Davis's *Life in the Iron Mills*, a successful first novel admired by Emerson, Hawthorne and Alcott, and which is now virtually unknown. Davis's life is a sad illustration of what happens to many talented women. She married a man who valued his own work above hers, was constantly pressed for money, raised children and let her work go. At 30, she had published *Life* which, according to Olsen, "without precedent or predecessors . . . recorded what no one else had recorded," at 40, she wrote rarely and shoddily. Like Olsen herself, Davis was thwarted by circumstances peculiar to women. It is here, in the particular situation, that Olsen's view can prevail. □

# One Good Judge

JUDGE FRANK M. JOHNSON, Jr. *By Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 288 pp. $10.95.*

**JEFFREY GILLENKIRK**

The book reads decently and Robert Kennedy, Jr., the late Senator's son, seems liberal, sincere and awed by the uncommon integrity of his subject. And Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., by Kennedy's standards, is probably the nicest influential person, not a Kennedy, to appear in America in the last twenty years.

When President Carter appointed Frank Johnson director of the FBI he shocked the law enforcement world. The judge is a maverick mountain man, a Republican in Alabama, a 1955 Eisenhower appointee who as Federal District Judge for the Middle District of Alabama wielded the Eighth, Fourteenth and First Amendments of the U.S. Constitution against injustice with the troubled zeal of a legal Achilles. Consider these accomplishments for an Alabaman presiding in Alabama:

He declared Montgomery's segregated bus system unconstitutional in 1955, the first application of *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* to a nonacademic case. He ordered the desegregation of all Montgomery public facilities in 1959, and ordered statewide school desegregation (1963). He ordered the Ku Klux Klan's membership lists published, abolished the poll tax (1966), opened jury duty to blacks (1966) and ordered integration of the Alabama State Troopers (1972). He reapportioned Alabama legislative districts according to "one man, one vote" principle (1962), established a defendant's right to *effective* counsel and established the rights of the involuntarily committed mentally ill to minimal treatment (1972). He declared Alabama's prison system as constituting "cruel and unusual punishment" and ordered sweeping reforms.

The difference between this judge and J. Edgar Hoover is the difference between Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. According to Kennedy, a bill commending Johnson for twenty years of service, introduced to the Alabama legislature in 1976 by a black representative, was booed by the irate politicians. That same year George Wallace, Johnson's former law school friend who for years has used the judge as a foil to his racist demagoguery, promised that if elected President he would give Johnson a "barbed wire enema."

Given these credentials, admirers of Johnson were surprised and thrilled at Carter's appointment and sadly resigned when fate conspired to deprive the nation of what undoubtedly would have been a revolution in FBI policy. In his concluding chapter Kennedy relates that during the mandatory FBI physical doctors discovered an aneurysm in Johnson's aorta. Several weeks after an operation Johnson "collapsed with a hernia that couldn't be operated on due to his weakened condition. In mid-December he phoned (Atty. Gen. Griffin) Bell to resign his appointment, since there was no predicting just when he would be able to assume the directorship."

The book shouldn't have ended there. How did Johnson feel about having to withdraw his nomination as director of the FBI? Was his withdrawal entirely his own idea, as Kennedy implies, or did conservatives use his maladies to turn Carter and Bell against him? What plans had he had for reorganizing the FBI? (Kennedy praises Johnson's procedural reforms in his federal judicial district.) What did he see as the FBI's function: law enforcer, or protector of society?

Where a good reporter or a legal beaver would have tried to dig, Kennedy mounds, trying to create a legend rather than uncovering one. There is just not enough Frank Johnson in *Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.* The book grew out of Kennedy's senior thesis at Harvard, a task which took him to Alabama for nearly a year in 1975 and into the confidence of the judge, but as a thesis it is too neatly resolved.

I wondered about Johnson's ambition, the personal effects of his exclusion from a spiteful Montgomery society, his thoughts while standing squarely in the cross fire of racial warfare for twenty years. There are several chapters describing Appalachian Winston County where Frank Johnson was raised, and much is made of the vivid contrasts between the stubborn integrity of its "frontier" people and the entrenched racism of downstate Bourbon Montgomery society. But it is always misleading to praise Appalachia for its absence of racism, as it is usually due to the absence of blacks. Why Frank Johnson and no one else marched out of Winston County to Montgomery (via the University of Alabama, no Yankee training ground) and began dismantling piece by piece the elaborate apparatus of Southern segregation is never adequately explained.

Kennedy's emphasis is upon results—the monumental stature of many of the Judge's rulings—and pays little attention to process. This might be because he is unfamiliar with legal reasoning, or perhaps it is a propensity which he shares with his late father for romanticizing the good-job-done-at-all-costs. But whatever charisma is, Johnson has it, and despite the shortcomings of his biographer the judge's unspoken power carries the book along to its unsatisfying conclusion—that Johnson is a nice guy.

There are interesting portraits here of George "The Fighting Rooster" Wallace and former Alabama Gov. "Big Jim" Folsom, the latter a hero to both Wallace and Johnson. Folsom's career came to an end when he drunkenly imitated a cuckoo on television the night before the 1962 gubernatorial election. Wallace we know about, although Kennedy's astute analysis of the Governor's pyrrhic stands against court-ordered desegregation, reapportionment and voting rights as leading to an erosion of his state's rights is accurate and may still be news to "The Fighting Rooster."

Neither a thorough nor an entirely

*Jeffrey Gillenkirk writes for* In These Times *and has recently completed a novel,* Running, *about politics in San Francisco.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

candid biography, *Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.* nonetheless sounds an undeniably liberal note on its author's political trumpet. And we owe him a debt for bringing the heroic figure of Frank Johnson forward as a champion of civil rights, even if he leaves him limping away. Someone had better catch up with Johnson and ask what he's thinking about before it's too late. □

# Swimsuit and Talent Show

MISS RHODE ISLAND. *By Norman Kotker. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 214 pp. $8.95.*

**BENITA EISLER**

"That face, that face, that beautiful face. . . ." So begins the hymn that ends the search, crooned from 15 million TV sets, crowning our own briefly reigning goddess, Miss America. Who on Olympus ever had such ratings? But getting there is not half the fun, except for readers of Norman Kotker's stylish and sexy mini-mock epic, *Miss Rhode Island.*

For Yvonne Doucette, the downward path to wisdom and invested pulchritude begins, innocently and ominously, with a practical joke. When horny brother Joseph submits Yvonne's photo to the Miss North Kingstown contest, gods and genes are set to conspire. Yvonne's father is French-Canadian. Her mother, Early American. She has twice been voted "most beautiful" in her high school class, once, "most likely to succeed." And how could she not?—36-24-36, and a Latin major at Wellesley. Immortality hovers, then descends:

> Providence chose her. Pulchritudo, she was Pulchritudo's darling. She still was, twenty years after she pushed her way, red and slime-covered, bubbling and groaning, through the matted hairs, onto the waiting hands of the man, the obstetrician, who slapped her and held her upside down, scrawny and blotched, so lean from her exertion that her vulva protruded, shockingly, an announcement when they looked at her to see if she was a boy or girl. The first child: a girl. Miss Rhode Island . . . the best winner in history, the best Miss Rhode Island anybody had ever seen and one of the judges had, no lie, been judging the contest for thirty-four years; he was a judge before she was even born, an old experienced judge the year her father and mother, with all their frisky little chromosomes jiggling, spunked out just the right ones, the perfect ones to produce her.

It's on to Atlantic City. But not before the punishing *ascesis* of those who would be fairest of them all: first, the rigorous exercises—one for each limb, not forgetting tummy and buttocks. A talent must be chosen and burnished. Modern dance? Too arty. Baton twirling? Sure to be pre-empted by Miss Alabama. Yvonne will be the archetypal New England Princess as Snow Queen. Twice a week, a trip to Boston to perfect her figure 8's and backspins. Latin poetry goes down the tubes. The Wellesley sisterhood turns sullen and envious. Malice creeps through Pomeroy Hall, depositing girlie magazines under Yvonne's door. Each dawn, a more lascivious image of humiliated female sexuality leers its monitory message: Miss America has no friends. "At the edge of the room the spirit of ugliness hovered. . . . Three girls, all with long hanging hair, thin fingers. Yvonne shivered."

The wholesome swain of the college girl strikes out as consort to a Queen. Fino, the Italian-American law student, breaks Yvonne's arm in horseplay on ice. His replacements have their own reasons for endorsing the exigencies of narcissism. Dangerous collaborators in Yvonne's depersonalization, the new arrivals have a stake in stardom. Kirby, the Irish-American TV interviewer and one of Miss Rhode Island's judges, asserts a lust proprietary—and perfunctory. He'll try again with next year's model. Truston Clapp, Yvonne's classy married lover, has a more grandiose sexual agenda: "I want to do it to Miss America," he announces. Truston's creative calisthenics are planned to phallically program a winner: "Just think about this when you walk down the runway." But the sexual impresario has a sinister official counterpart. Mrs. Melli, the Rhode Island Committee's chaperone to Atlantic City, will brook none of that lingering ambivalence that spells loser. Yvonne's Ivy League Suburban taste in gowns is not to be trusted: "I'll go shopping with you. Don't dare get it alone. I'll kill you if you do." Mrs. Melli is not kidding around.

Negotiating ever more frantically between her own and others' fantasies, Yvonne is disappearing. Somewhere between North Kingstown and Atlantic City, the Myth of Creation takes over, swallowing its creature. Yvonne Doucette, the Anna Livia Plurabelle of the Seekonk River, the Venus of Narragansett Bay is left, a shell on the sand.

You'll be casting the movie before you finish the book. Is Candice Bergen too old for Wellesley? Can Ruth Gordon's Dakota Demonic move from West 72nd Street to Westerly? (Who else could revirginize Truston's baby through sheer terror?) The Great American Pop Fairy Tale has found its Grimm. And he's funny and fast. A champion baton twirler, with a flashy backspin. Ten out of ten for style. Let's hear it for *Miss Rhode Island,* a sweetheart of a first novel. □

*Benita Eisler is the editor of* The Lowell Offering: Writings by New England Mill Women (1840-45), *and is now at work on a book about self-education in America,* Bettering Ourselves.

# THEATRE

**HAROLD CLURMAN**

If the newspaper strike does not delay word of the show's merits from getting around, many people might enjoy David Williamson's comedy *Players* (Lyceum Theatre). Washingtonians at the Kennedy Center did. According to the rules (or by the book) it is a good play. It is written in a popular vein and, though its plot is slight, it is properly constructed. It is also effectively acted by a well-chosen cast.

Its author, to quote the program, "is one of Australia's most successful playwrights." *Players* exposes the business workings of professional sport: in this instance, football (or is it rugby?). But what he has to tell might apply equally to baseball, basketball, boxing, golf or tennis. On the one hand there are the athletes themselves who develop a sincere pride and passion, even a tradition, in the game; on the other the money people for whom it is chiefly a product to be sold. The members of the association that finances the team vie for power, resorting to every kind of skulduggery, including blackmail, to attain it for themselves. The fans derive a certain amount of excitement and pleasure from the suspected infighting. Only the actual participants in the game, who give their skill, strength and the best part of their lives to the sport, would not "sell their grandmother," to use their pragmatic manager's phrase for gain.

Thus the play is a sort of social parable. Its tone and main appeal, how-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever, is in several funny scenes—especially one in which a star footballer who has lost his zest for the sport convinces the crudest and dumbest of his bosses that he (the player) made love to his own sister and mother and thereby killed his father!

The play's intrigue is not as arresting as that of Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*, nor as probing or colorful in character delineation as David Storey's *The Changing Room*. The figures are drawn in predictable lines and, except in its forays into boyish hilarity, the play never exceeds a basic conventionality. I must also confess a failure to be involved in the play's theme as couched in terms of the sport world, though this, of course, is a wholly subjective reaction.

What helps sustain the entertainment, apart from its general plausibility, is the acting of Fred Gwynne as the big blustering boob who thunders twaddle, a person at once petty, scheming and unconsciously hypocritical who speaks sentiment and behaves brutally: it is a sharp comic portrait. The other characters are for the most part his foils, but Rex Robbins as the team's fiercely honest coach, Gene Rupert as its imperturbably steely business administrator, and Thomas A. Carlin as the flustered and egotistically woolly-minded club president are all equally right in their roles.

Listening to the admired English actor Alec McCowen recite *St. Mark's Gospel* at the Marymount Manhattan Theatre, the beginning of a series of such occasions in various parts of the country (not to speak of Channel 13), I was reminded of an incident that occurred many years ago.

A famous stage director dropped in unexpectedly at my apartment. I had a book in my hand and he asked what I was reading. "The Bible," I replied. "The Bible!" he exclaimed in astonishment, almost in disbelief. For such people as my friend and for most of our theatregoers, I imagine, Alec McCowen's "solo performance" should prove a boon. They know the "quotations" but they are unacquainted with the text.

McCowen, whose diction is impeccable, speaks the sacred narrative like an English gentleman. His address is cool, intelligent, lucid, friendly, at moments gently humorous and always consonant with the "story" or plot point. He is never sanctimonious and hardly dramatic. There is little fervor or elevation in his delivery. He speaks designedly as to children at their first lessons in the Scriptures. And perhaps that is the right way, for, are our playgoers not children in this regard?

If on this occasion I am permitted a note of textual criticism, I might add that *St. Mark's Gospel* is more history and doctrine than poetry or religion. It lacks the intensity and mystery of Saint Matthew. Or does this impression arise from the manner of the reading? For it is *reading* rather than full-bodied acting or, to put it another way, it is a certain (limited) kind of acting. I heard a good many members of the audience comment, "It's a tremendous job." □

# ART

## LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

One sign of the marginal position of sculpture in the field of art as a whole is the fact that it is always being discovered. The rub of course is that sculpture is always present, yet keeps getting rediscovered with surprise and admiration; then painters take over again until the next short-lived renaissance of sculpture. The pattern has recurred several times since World War II. A group of sculptors has now got together for the purpose of overcoming the constraints of cyclic recognition.

Opening this fall in Chicago is ConStruct, a corporation of artists devoted in part to the showing of large-scale sculpture, that aspect of the art most vulnerable to changes of taste. Several compatible artists started meeting last fall and in April held a decisive organizational meeting. Two of them are from Chicago, John R. Henry and Jerry Peart, and four from elsewhere: Linda Howard, Lyman Kipp, Kenneth Snelson and Mark di Suvero. The gallery at 233 East Ontario Street, next to the Museum of Contemporary Art, is scheduled to open September 15 with a group show to be followed by one-artist shows of Henry and Kipp. From the thirteenth-floor gallery there will be views of outdoor sites, made available by the city and by corporations (di Suvero plans an 80-foot-high sculpture on one of them).

Some of the artists have galleries. Several are with Max Hutchinson's "Sculpture Now" in New York, with whom they maintain connections, but their new operation is an alternative to the gallery system. The artists have financed the gallery themselves, using sculpture as security, and hired a staff of three to organize both exhibitions in Chicago and traveling shows. There is extensive construction at present in Chicago and this year both state and city laws were enacted to allocate a percentage of building costs for art works. It was an auspicious moment to found ConStruct.

In New York outdoor sculpture is appearing apart from the gallery system in another way. Formerly the sources of public sculpture were capitalist-philanthropic and democratic-municipal, but now other sources are contributing to the distribution of sculpture. An organization called AREA, an acronym for Artists Representing Environmental Art, placed works at various spots along the upper East River, where they will remain until spring 1979. In the last three years this group has been responsible for the installation of sculptures on Roosevelt and Wards Islands. (The fact that I have reservations about some of the work does not mean an opposition in principle to the increase in temporary public art in cities.)

The president of the group, Dorothea Silverman, stressed to me the fact that the artists use shoreline sites. That means the works are visible, or intended to be, from across the river as well as approachable on site. Public sculpture in fact is a two-way structure in a sense not always considered by the artists who make it or the patrons who support it. First, each sculpture is a spectacle, something seen at a distance, a focal point: the street sculpture of Paris is mostly of this sort. Second, public sculpture is also a foreground experience, an object in space that solicits occupancy of a location from which we look *out*. We might call this the platform effect, by which we identify with the work from its shared space and look out at the world. The AREA works have successes in this aspect, but not on the scenic scale. Their works are too small to be readable on the busy, highly developed shoreline across the river.

The sculptures are all of steel and all are painted to compensate for their modest scale. Typical is Seena Donneson's bright-yellow piece in the grounds of Goldwater Hospital on Wards Island (opposite 57th Street). It consists of six identical 10-foot-high curves, arranged in pairs back-to-back, touching at center and springing outward to the ground and into the air. At the Coler Memorial Hospital (opposite the lower 80s in Manhattan) are two sculptures. Dorothy Gillespie's piece is about the same height as Donneson's,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## We don't mince words.

In the age of "People,"

gossip,

TV news-as-entertainment

and the proliferation of non-news features

in leading magazines,

**The Nation** continues to focus on the issues.

Subscribe to **The Nation** today!

I enclose $_____as payment for:
☐ 1 yr. (47 issues) $21. ☐ 2 yrs. (94 issues) $37.
☐ Gift subscription 1 yr. $18.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Gift Subscription sent by:_____

THE NATION
333 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10014

Add $1.00 per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2.00 per year for all other foreign subscriptions.
Foreign Subscriptions: Equivalent U.S. Funds

9-23-78




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

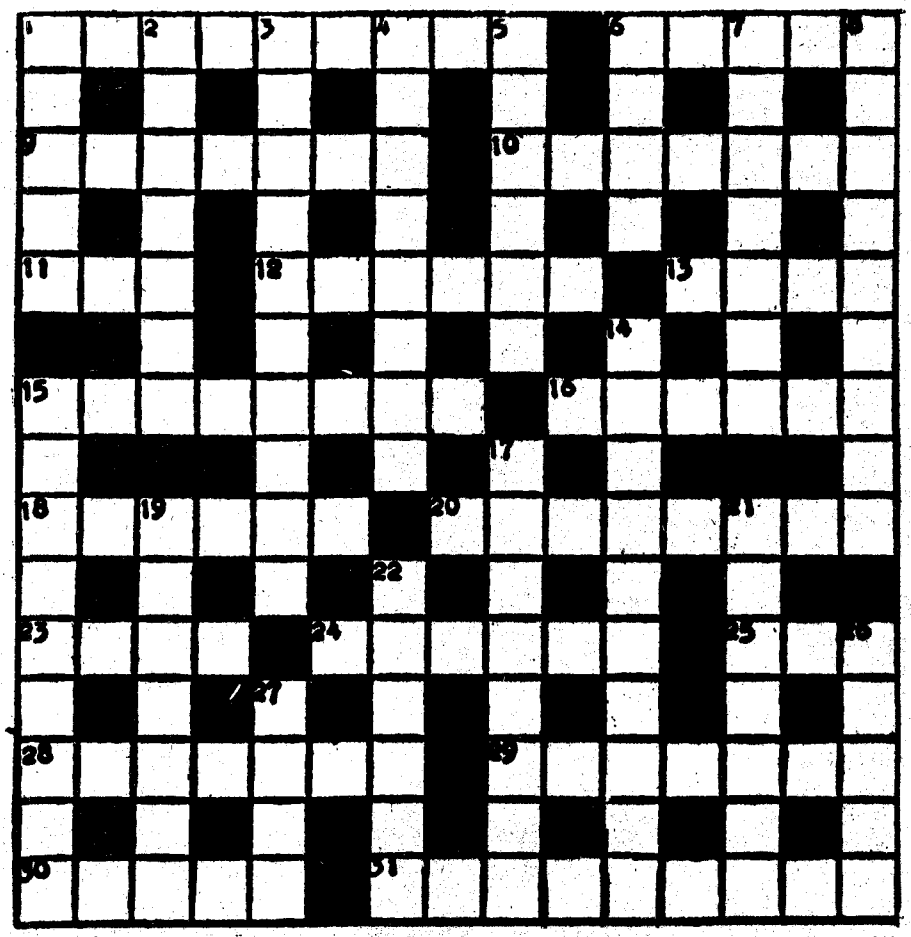
but rambles along the ground for 40 feet: it is painted white but dappled with pastel patches. Nearby, too near, is a red painted steel piece by Paul Sisko, a uniform coil, 6 feet high that runs for 45 feet. Phyllis Mark has a three-piece sculpture of flat verticals with varied contours rising to a height of 11 feet: two different yellows and one blue in color. This is located close, too close, to an apartment building in the new housing development on Roosevelt Island.

The interest of these works is that they are public. Stylistically, they are the mild progeny of metal sculpture of the early 1960s, the soft end of Minimal art. Only one piece is less conservative and also large enough, Penny Kaplan's "The Queen's Chambers." It shares Black Park West with the Phyllis Mark sculpture, at the end of one of Roosevelt Island's neat streets with their pedestrian traffic and uncompetitive fascias. It consists of two opened pyramids in red-painted steel; the edges are not linear outlines but contoured planes. The larger pyramid rises 15 feet and the ground plan is 20 by 20 feet. Thus it claims the site solidly but is open to the view of Manhattan (stunning as always). When I was there children were playing on the protected inner pyramid. The piece is both large enough and intimate enough for its public location and the image of contained pyramids is not trite.

Another aspect of the expansion of sculpture distribution is the fact that hospitals on Wards Island have moved independently to ornament their institutional grounds. At the Manhattan Psychiatric Center, for example, there are eight or nine John Chamberlains, on loan from the Dia Art Foundation: his sculptures of crumpled and compressed automobiles, scattered on the grass among parking lots, are both playful and minatory. These are scheduled to be replaced by a group of metal sculptures by Lila Katzen and this will be an AREA project. In the grounds of the Psychiatric Center is another AREA work by Penny Kaplan: a cluster of white-painted aluminum columns of varied dimensions occupy the pool of a rundown sunken garden. The garden has been patched up a little by the grounds staff, but it is a ruin, dominated by the huge curve of the Triborough Bridge, alive with traffic, high above. It is a wildly picturesque site and suggests that other AREA artists might consider the use of closed sites off the shoreline. Intimacy is as natural to public sculpture as long distance. □

# Crossword Puzzle No. 1741

**FRANK W. LEWIS**



ACROSS

1 Children are sometimes given a good one, being the total sort around royalty. (7,2)
6 See 1 down
9 Having no good sense? (7)
10 One is judged to be so, particularly if wearing stripes. (7)
11 See 12
12, 11 and 13 Miniature tuba, where the stand was supposed to be. (6,7)
15 and 16 One might be dropping in on some tender types, although they could be concerned with your case. (8,6)
18 See 27 down
20 Similar to the monster's place, or a reasonable facsimile. (8)
23 Not only pitchers do it at night. (4)
24 Some people speak it and shut up, possibly. (6)
25 One used to go to the well for it, or even a so-called 13. (3)
28 Palpably obvious. (7)
29 If you have to offer men this, you'll have agitation there. (7)
30 A lyre of sorts, possibly among the first. (5)
31 Such choppers appeared every early. (4,5)

DOWN

1, 6 across and 26 Such as Tom tacks with the boat, evidently leaving a brief account of it. (5-4,6)
2 China? Tortuous miles, and you get to travel up inside. (7)
3 The most unconnected trial I ever seen! Stealing out of them as they might be molded? (8)
5 The officer in charge over the group of worshippers is very mysterious. (6)
6 A number of men's tailors needed, as they say. (4)
7 One doesn't like to be so, handling small craft, as bad sailors might have been. (2,5)
8 There's no point in urging them to "go to the devil." (9)
14 Not necessarily in charge of government engravers, or federal investigators. (10)
15 Get veal—be different, if you want something for dinner. (9)
17 Legitimate, but not left ¾ full. (8)
19 To lack hope is praised, strangely enough. (7)
21 A long adventure story needs direction —characteristic of both sexes. (7)
22 As a matter of habit, more than one might be a form of duty. (6)
26 See 1 down
27 and 18 across She was barely noticed as a historical character. (4,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZZLE NO. 1740

ACROSS: 4 Banned; 11 Rummage; 12 Negrito; 13 Tennessee; 14 Spool; 15 Nationalistic; 17 Guest lecturer; 22 Uncle; 24 Thumbtack; 25 Primate; 26 Leisure; 27, 7 down and 1 across Yankee Doodle Dandy; 28 Egger. DOWN: 2 Armenia; 3 Diabetics; 5 Argus; 7 Nairobi; 8 Brute; 9 Personalities; 10 Intellectuals; 16 Stumbling; 18 Unction; 19 Erasure; 20 Supply; 21 Skies; 23 Elate.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# classified

**$3.00 per line/2 line minimum; 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line. Payment must accompany all orders. Send to Classified Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, NYC 10014.**

## PUBLICATIONS

**READ THE GUARDIAN**—newsweekly gives Marxist viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial subscription, $1. Full year $17. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011.

**"TECHNOCRACY**—Technological Social Design" available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

**FREE MIDEAST VOTING RECORD** of the 95th Congress. The voting record contains all the U.S. Senators' and Representatives' votes on key selected Middle East legislation over the past two years. Send a stamped business size self-addressed envelope to: MIDEAST OBSERVER, P.O. Box 39132, Washington, D.C. 20016.

**NEED READERS?** If you want to reach people who care about the nation, try The Nation's classifieds.

## CATALOGS

**FREE CATALOG** of "Distinguished Gifts." Write to G. Speck Enterprises, Dept. 1GZ, 819 Alston Avenue, Gulfport, Mississippi 39501.

**NEW CATALOG,** send $1.00 to: Early Music Stands, Drawer 995, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302.

**FREE CATALOG** containing hard-to-find fireplace and woodburning related products. Write: Klay Products, Box 42305JJ. Cincinnati, Ohio, 45242.

The Nation's Best Crossword Puzzles

Book #4 is now out. Send $3.50 (postpaid) to: E.S. Lewis, 642 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. 06511. Or send $8 for a set of all four books by Frank Lewis.

## LITERARY SERVICES

**EDITORIAL SERVICES**—Free-lance rewrite, editing, copy editing, proofreading. 212-287-0026 or write Nation, Box 122.

**PLAYWRIGHTS**—Produced playwright, director, teacher of play-writing, will evaluate your script's strengths and weaknesses—help you decide where to go from here. Rates: Up to 50 pages—$20; 50-90 pp.—$30; full length—$50. Mail script and SASE to: Playwrights Service, Box 492 Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

**CUSTOM CROSSWORDS**

Individually made for your conventions, retreats, anniversaries, family occasions! Personalized terms, names, in-jokes, etc. Camera-ready. Write: Carol Bly, Custom Crosswords, Odin House, Madison, Minn. 56256.

## EMPLOYMENT

**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**

Progressive, tax-exempt organization established to enforce the public's right to know by obtaining and disseminating info from govt. files and records, seeks exec. dir. with organizing, fund-raising, and admin. exp. Send resume to: FUND FOR OPEN INFORMATION AND ACCOUNTABILITY, INC. 36 W. 44 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

**EMPLOYMENT:** Experienced Economist with M.A., Woodrow Wilson School, Princeton University. Seeks employment with development consulting firm in N.Y. area—Nation Box 14.

**Writer/Editor/Researcher,** Yale Grad. Journalistic experience, seeks employment. Write: Nation Box 15 or call 212-688-4165.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES**—Experienced photographer and teacher. Studio or location. Instruction available for all ages. Bob Helmond, 212-284-4079 or write Nation, Box 124.

**PROFESSIONAL PORTFOLIOS:** Looking for a photog. with experience in show biz? Rates negotiable. Reply Nation Box 18.

## FOR SALE

**FOR SALE**—Pitney Bowes No. 502 Copy Machine. Call Ann Epstein: 212-242-8400.

**Ask About Our Low Rates For Display Ads**

## REAL ESTATE

**SPAIN,** Costa del Sol; 2 bdrm. apt. 5th fl.; elevator; pool; garden; 2 balconies facing Mediterranean boat basin and mountains. Fully furn., incl. bedding, linen, dishes, hi-fi, recordings and more. Move right in, lease or buy. Dr. Moss, 30 E. 9th St., Apt. 3-H, N.Y.C. 10003. Tel. (212) 260-4524.

## COUNTRY PROPERTY

**SPLENDID HOUSE** in Newbury, Vt. Country kitchen with fireplace, large living room, cherry-wood parlor, spiral staircase, 5 bedrooms. Large barn and new shed. Pond. 50 acres on dead-end road. $75,000. 802-222-5798.

ARE YOU BUYING OR SELLING REAL ESTATE?

ADVERTISE IN *THE NATION.*

## PERSONALS

**SWINGERS.** Discreet personal introductions, couples-singles. Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402. (717) 848-1408

**SINGLE BOOKLOVERS** gets cultured, single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Est. 1970. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA. 19081.

**MY DEAREST NASH:** Success, success, success—does it matter? Yours ever, M.

**SOFTSPOKEN,** shy, pretty woman, 28, MBA, seeks acquaintance with attractive, dreamy, non-directed and introverted man. Reply Nation Box 15.

**NOW MORE THAN EVER** seems it rich to cry. Sign up for the Sad Poets series. Nation Box 11.

**PETER K:** Have you forgotten our lunch date again? I called you before you left. Amanda

Oriental Ladies want to write you. Free info, pix. Cherry Blossoms Box 62P Stehekin WA 89952.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**COMPLETELY FINISHED** unique wooden lawn furniture in kit form. York Ltd., 401 Superior, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

**Dump Carter in '80**

Bumperstickers 2/$1, 25¢ handling. CDC Box 21551A Detroit, Michigan 48221.

**FANCIFUL ANIMAL DRAWINGS** on Christmas note cards (free style, fine art quality—but fun) make keeping in touch easy. Assorted dozen $3.00. Niels Fredriksen, Box 47D, Greenwood, California 95635.

**PEACE MINDED GREETING CARDS** for holidays and everyday. 24-design assortment, $4. Free card/gift/book catalog: Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271-N, Nyack, NY 10960.

**HAVE A MAGICIAN** at your next party. Perfect for childen. Shows range anywhere from 35 minutes to 1 hour. Reasonable rates. Nation, Box 17.

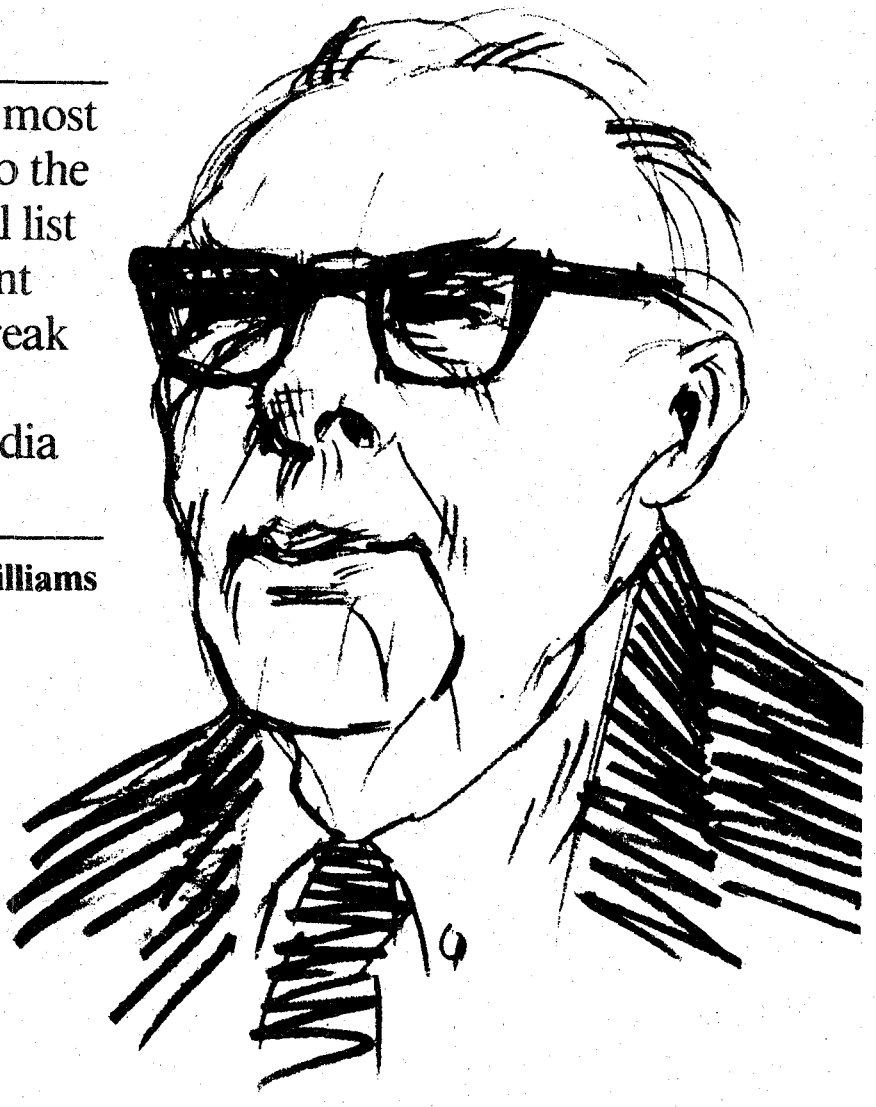
**Go National with The Nation's Classifieds:** You can reach a largely untapped audience of discriminating, educated and concerned readers at rates far below those of other magazines. The rates are: $3 per line (45 characters or spaces). Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and receive a fourth insertion free! Enclose payment and send to Amy Wilentz c/o **The Nation.**



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**IN THESE TIMES** is a most welcome addition to the small but influential list of non-establishment publications that break through the fog of double-talk and media nonsense.

**Carey McWilliams**



Tired of corporate journalism and fast-food news?

You can depend on **IN THESE TIMES** for in-depth, insightful coverage of the nation and the world.

Subscribe today.

**IN THESE TIMES**

*The Independent Socialist Newspaper*

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ 1 year, $17.50

☐ Please bill me later. ☐ 4 month trial, $7.75

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE _____

ZIP _____

IN THESE TIMES, 1509 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, IL 60622

N3

ETSU LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED